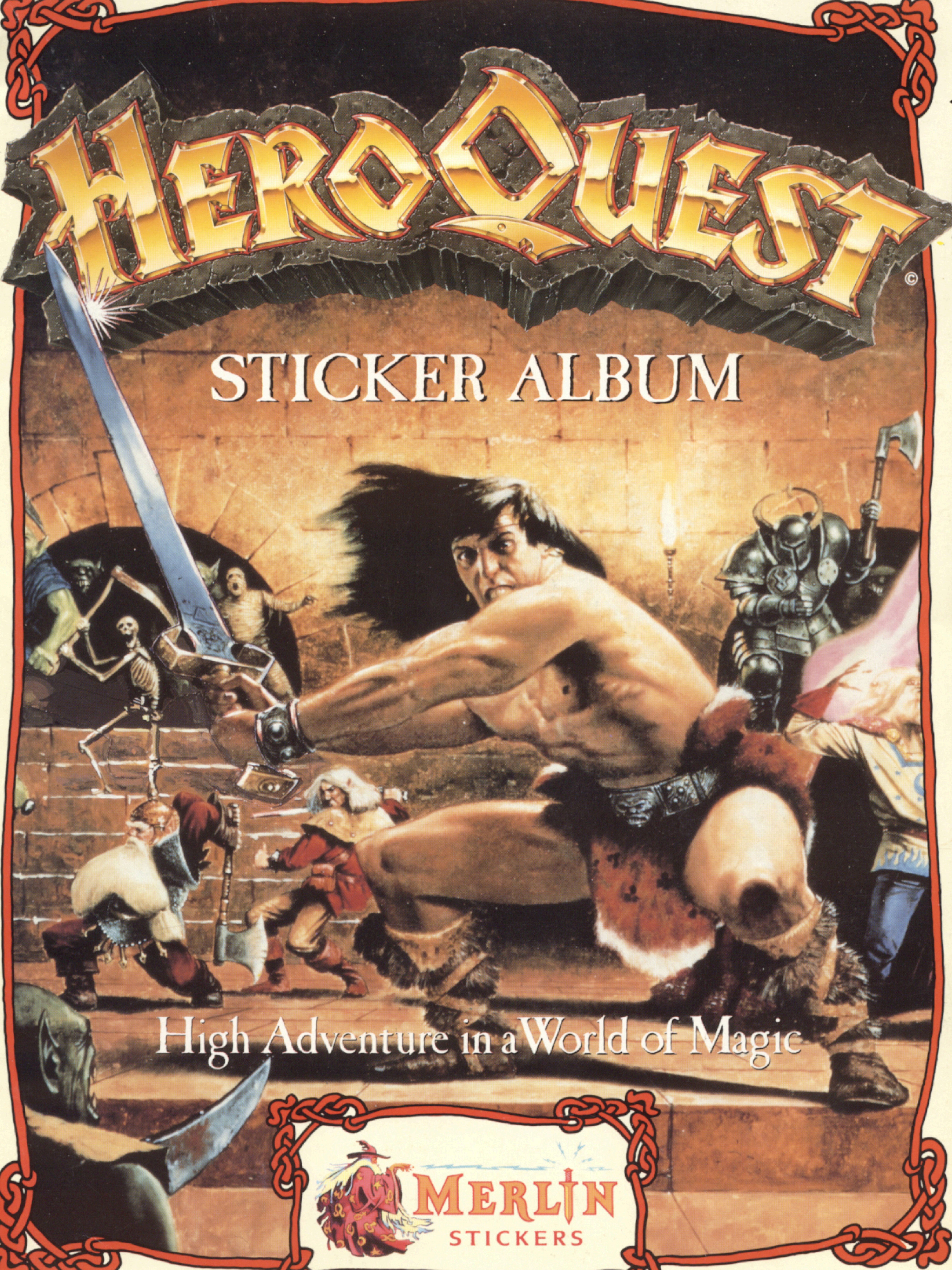
HeroQuest©

STICKER ALBUM



High Adventure in a World of Magic

MERLIN STICKERS

HeroQuest

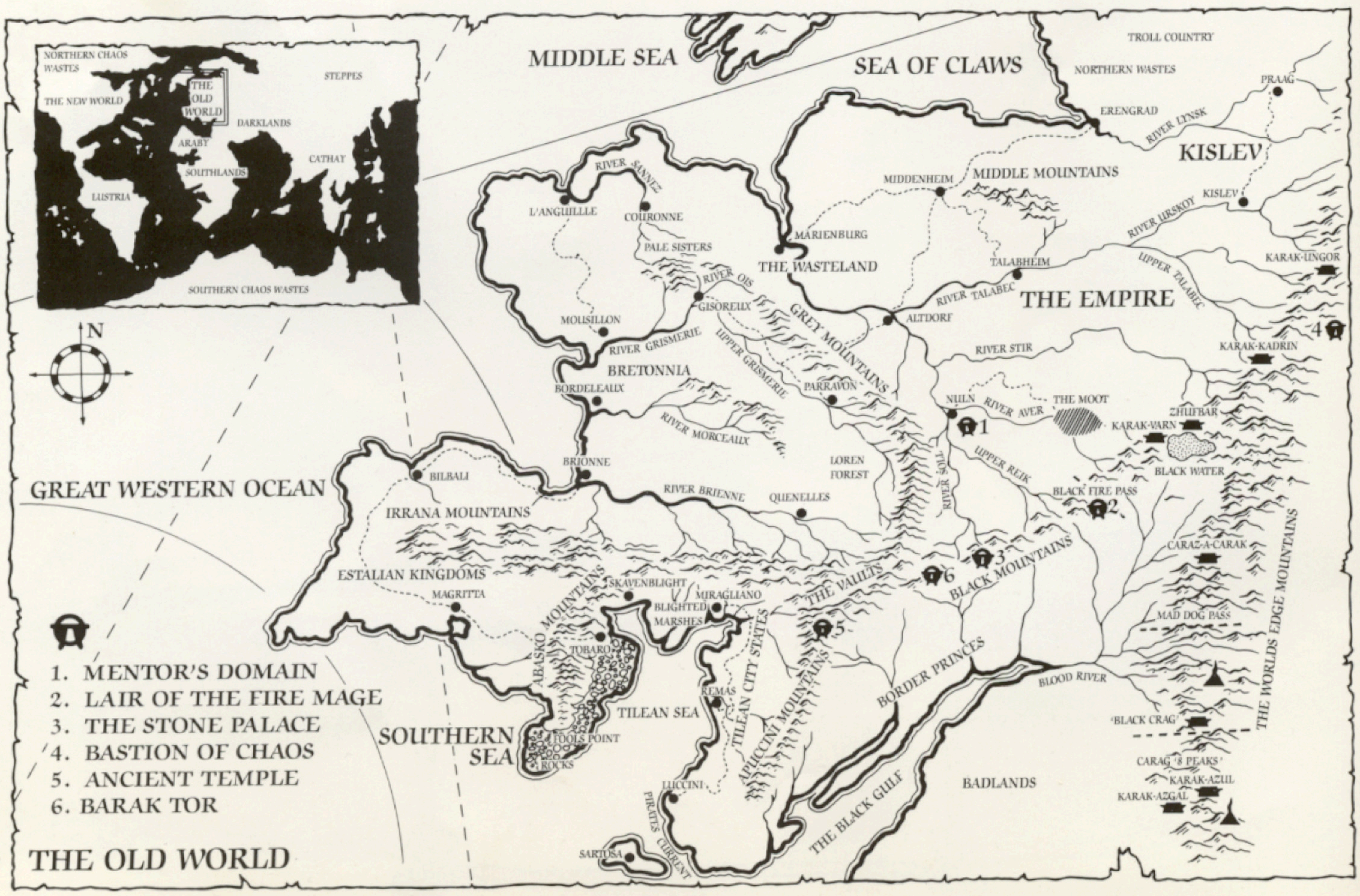
"The darkling forces of evil are everywhere my friends, so heed ye well the words of Mentor, Guardian of Loretome, the great book of secrets.

The very album you hold contains secrets too. As you complete this wondrous Heroquest collection they will all be revealed – save one. That is the secret known only…to you!

The 192 images you collect will unveil stories of new heroes of the Empire, who battle with sword and sorcery to combat the monstrous hordes of Chaos. The ultimate quest of the heroes is to rescue the Star Of The East, a glittering jewel worn only by the Empire's greatest champions. It is the final portrait for you to collect, one of 24 additional treasured silver images. But its position in the album..? Ah yes! That is your secret!

From the actions of the heroes in the quests, you must decide which one of them is worthy to be adorned with the Star Of The East. When that is done, place the Star image above the silver likeness of your preferred hero.

But choose wisely, my friends – the fate of the Empire itself will lay in the hands of the Champion you select!"



the Gathering



"Heed well the words of Mentor, Grand Wizard guardian of Loretome," intoned the silver-bearded figure. "The Empire is in dire need of heroes. If you doubt your abilities, depart now!"



The four strangers, bonded by the mysterious 'calling' each had received to journey to Mentor's domain, stood their ground. Fledgling heroes perhaps, but prepared to forfeit their lives for the Empire.



Mentor expected nothing less. "Let me caution you to our darkest foe – Morcar!" he continued. "Once, many ages ago, he was a hard-working wizard's apprentice – to me!



"Yet impatience for greater, more powerful magic devoured him. My warning of growing too powerful too quickly went unheeded – he raided my study at night, stealing secrets from my spell books.



"With great knowledge but little wisdom, he fled. When next we met, he was enslaved to Chaos! We spell-battled. He unleashed great Chaos powers against me – ignorant of the terrible price he would one day pay for invoking them – and I could not defeat him.



"But neither could he defeat me. The stalemate exhausted us, and he retreated to the northern Chaos wastes to summon still stronger powers of evil . . .



"I could not check his resurgence. Marshalling the forces of darkness, he grew rampant, plundering deep into Empire territory.



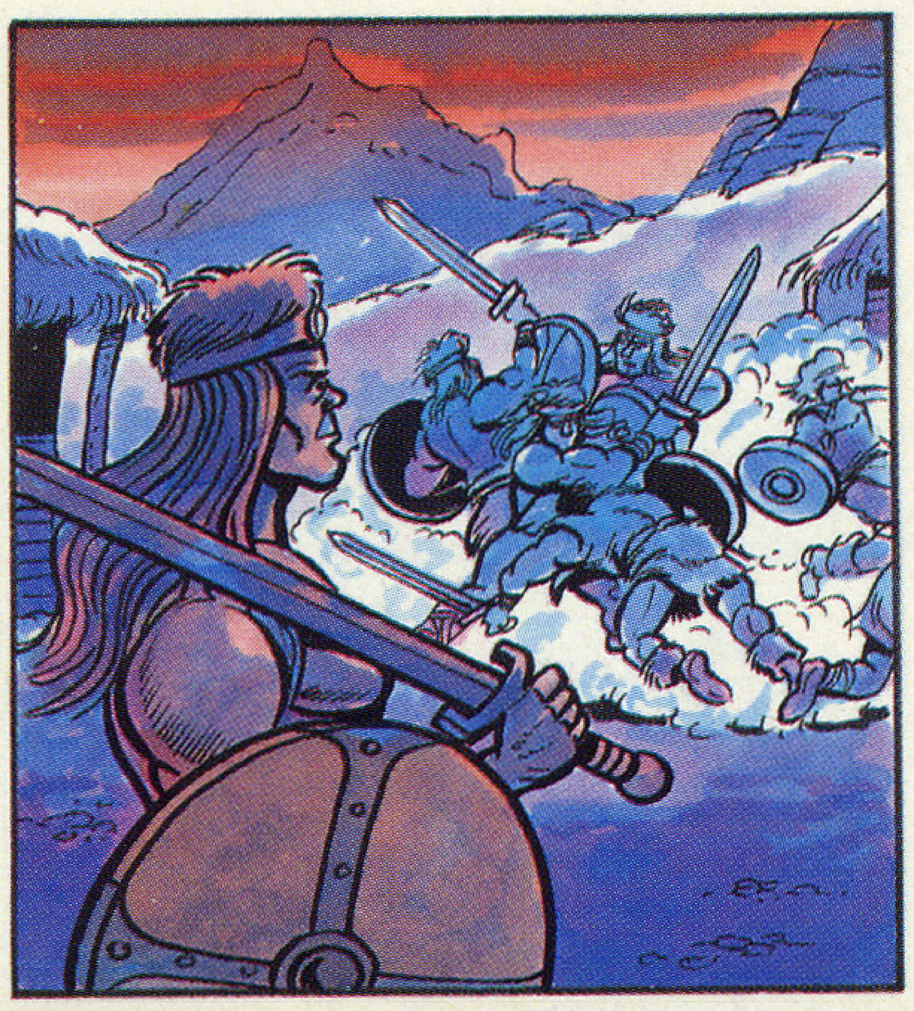
"The fell legions of Chaos, marching behind Morcar's black banner, laid waste to much land. Even the bravest warriors feared him. Good men despaired for the Empire . . .



"Yet at that darkest hour there came a mighty warrior prince from the Borderlands – Rogar the Barbarian! On his brow glittered a diamond of ancient legend, the Star of the East. It marked him as the heroic leader sought by so many.



"Other heroes quickly came out of hiding and flocked to his standard. Amongst them were Brellif, an elven fighter, Durgin, the fearless dwarf, and Telor, a wizard whose sorcery turned many encounters.



"Rogar skilfully trained his burgeoning army, building for the day when they would strike back against Morcar . . .



"He chose his skirmishes well, harrying the supply lines to Morcar's foul army, cutting down countless orcs and goblins in the process.


"Then came the day. Brellif saw the black horde from afar, entering the valley of the soul-less. Durgin signalled the call to arms, alerting Rogar's men camped in the high passes . . .
"On Rogar's command, his practised forces swept down from two sides upon the enemy . . .
"Savage and brutal battle was joined. Though many a good man surrendered his life, the blood spilt belonged in the main to Morcar's abominations!
"But victory was not absolute – Morcar escaped beyond the Sea of Claws, and now threatens terrible revenge. Already the Borderlands have been assailed – but where is the new Rogar?
"I pray he is amongst you. But first the Star of the East, captured by forces of darkness after Rogar's demise, must be retrieved to adorn the Empire's second saviour.
"Loretome will help. All that ever was and that ever will be is within its covers. Through Loretome, I may guide but not intervene, lest a greater evil befall the world, and Chaos triumph forever!"

the Fire Mage



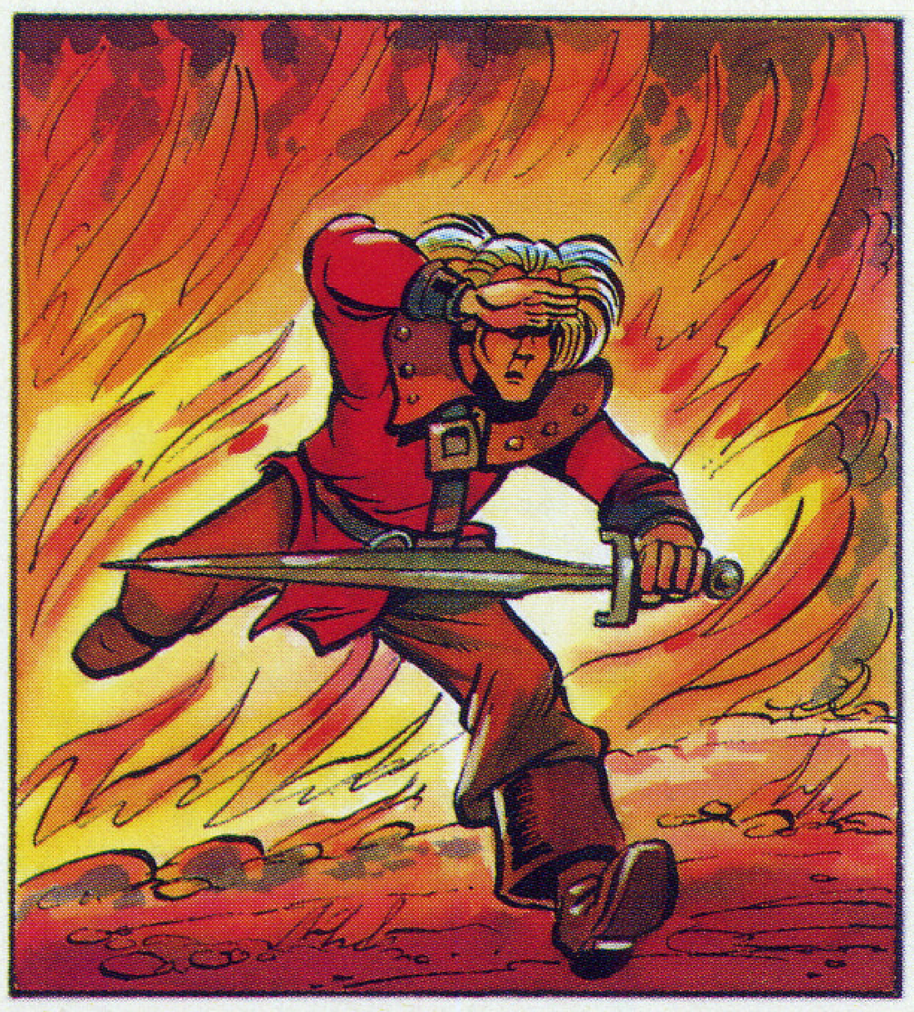
Mentor summoned Ladril. The elf, an adept swordsman and spell-caster, was charged to retrieve a vital instrument of magic – the Wand of Recall. It lay in the Lair of the Fire Mage.



On Mentor's command, Ladril journeyed swiftly to Black Fire Crag. According to Loretome, the Fire Mage's lair lay somewhere deep beneath it . . .



Slipping through a fissure in the rock, Ladril came to a wall of intense flame. It was the only entrance to the Mage's lair.



Marshalling his courage, Ladril leapt into the flames. For an instant, the heat held him – he felt he was in the fires of hell. Yet almost before he knew it, he was through unscathed.



Ladril wasted not an instant in exploring the Mage's lair. Sulphur smells assailed his nostrils – then the disgusting odour of a zombie's rotting flesh . . .



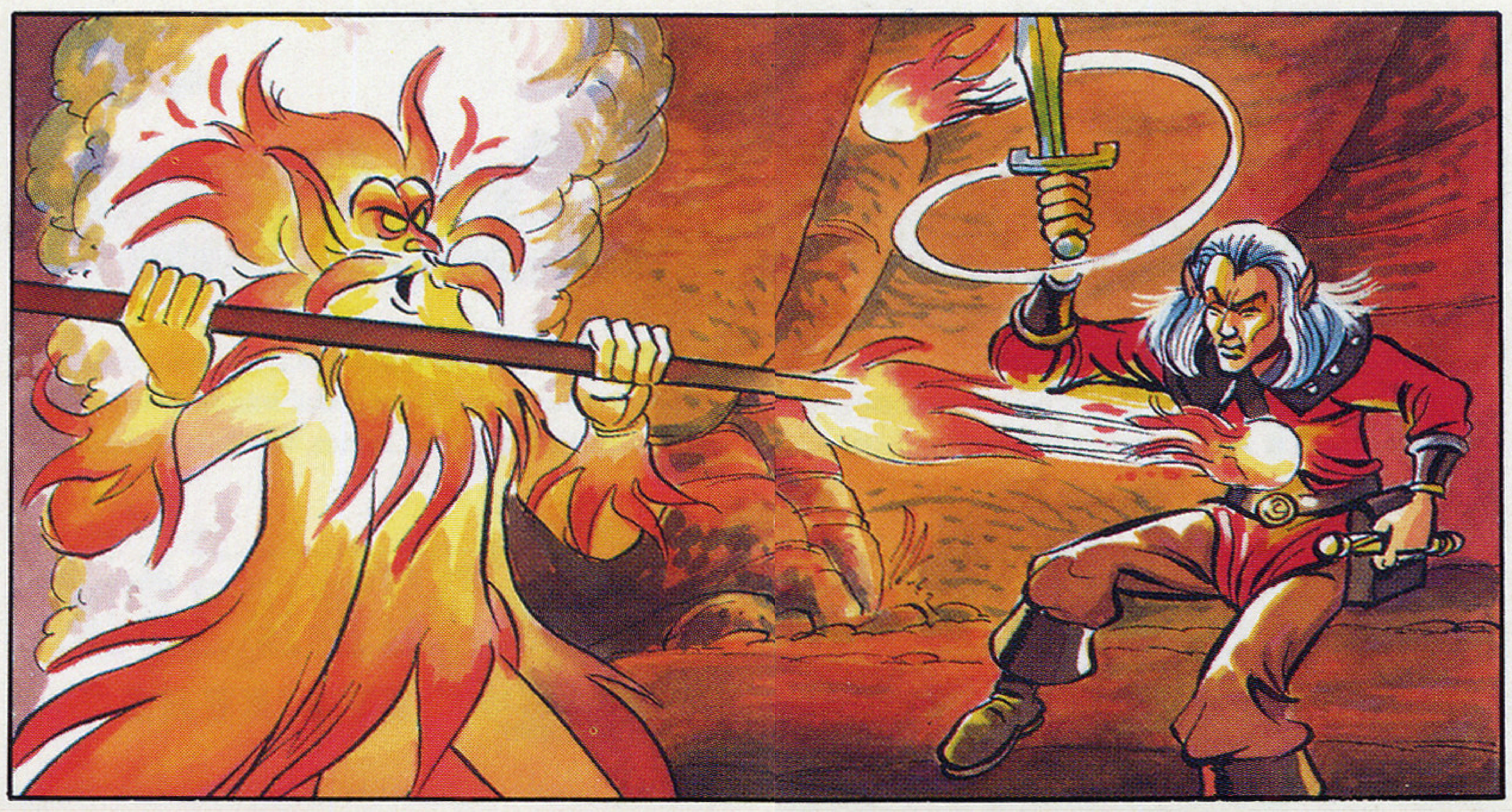
It shuffled remorselessly on and attacked – but Ladril countered with lethal sword work.



A door, coated with flame but solid and unburnt, led off from the corridor. Ladril braced himself, yet the handle was cold to the touch, and turned easily . . .


Little wonder! Inside, a quartet of killers lined up to confront the intruder!
The quick-witted elf resorted to magic, casting a Veil of Mist spell about himself.
The mist enabled Ladril to slip unnoticed between the skeletons to a second door in the room. By sword and sorcery, he was making swift progress . . .
. . . but as he stepped into the next room, the forces of evil struck! Before Ladril could react, a second lurking zombie attacked, landing a savage, wounding blow.
The elf's blade delivered instant revenge. His injury served to remind him of the horrors waiting beyond the next door, the next room, or the next corridor . . .
A diligent search revealed a secret passage. Ladril, emerging from it armed with both sword and surprise, cut down another foe.
A maze of twisting corridors brought the elf to another door. He had passed others which he left shut, but – perhaps guided by Mentor – he opened this one. A fatal mistake . . . ?


The orc, guarding a treasure chest, immediately attacked. It slashed again and again at Ladril with its cruel scimitar. The elf fought desperately to resist the blows.
Ladril fell backwards to avoid another scythe from the orc. But the scimitar embedded itself in the door, and the elf seized the chance to lunge upwards . . .
"Fortunate, mayhap," gasped Ladril as he tugged his sword from the dead orc's body and glanced to the treasure chest, "but to the victor, the spoils!"
The elf broke open the chest. Inside a hundred and more gold coins gleamed up at him, but it was the object wrapped in black cloth which drew his hands first . . .
There was no mistaking it . . . it was the Wand of Recall!
But at that moment of triumph, a flame of scorching fire lanced through a solid rock wall and into the room.
In an explosion of smoke and light, a figure suddenly appeared. "Fool!" he roared. "Did you think to raid the lair of the Fire Mage and not encounter the Mage himself . . . ?"



The Mage unleashed balls of fire from his flame-staff. Ladril felt his body weaken as one punch burned into his midriff. More could kill him, yet he wasn't close enough to fight back . . .



In desperation, he summoned magic of his own, though he held out little hope that his humble wizardry could counter the powerful Mage's sorcery.



Yet incredibly, the elf's Sleep Spell had an effect. The Fire Mage seemed to grow faint under its influence, allowing Ladril an escape.



Charging back along corridors through which he'd entered, the elf, though ignorant of its workings, suspected the wand had somehow heightened his spell's power.



Without further mishap he emerged into the purer air above the Mage's lair. His wounds hurt, but they would heal. Above all, he had the wand . . .

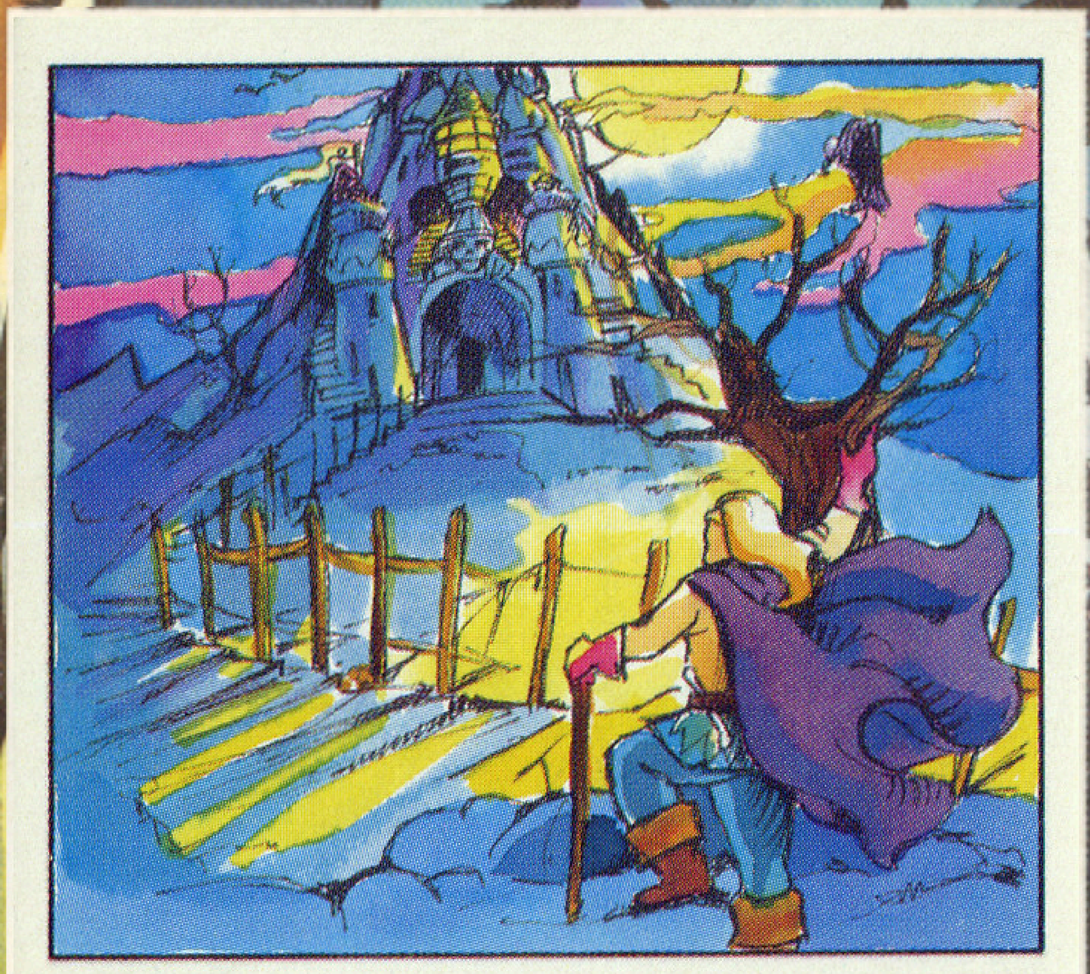


Quest completed, Ladril used the gold coin treasure to purchase a staff for the wizard, who lacked fighting skills. When his quest came, the wizard found it invaluable . . .

the Stone Hunter



Chandra, the wizard, strode forward, Mentor's instructions echoing in his ears. He was to quest to the Stone Palace in search of the enchanted chain-mail known as Borin's Armour.



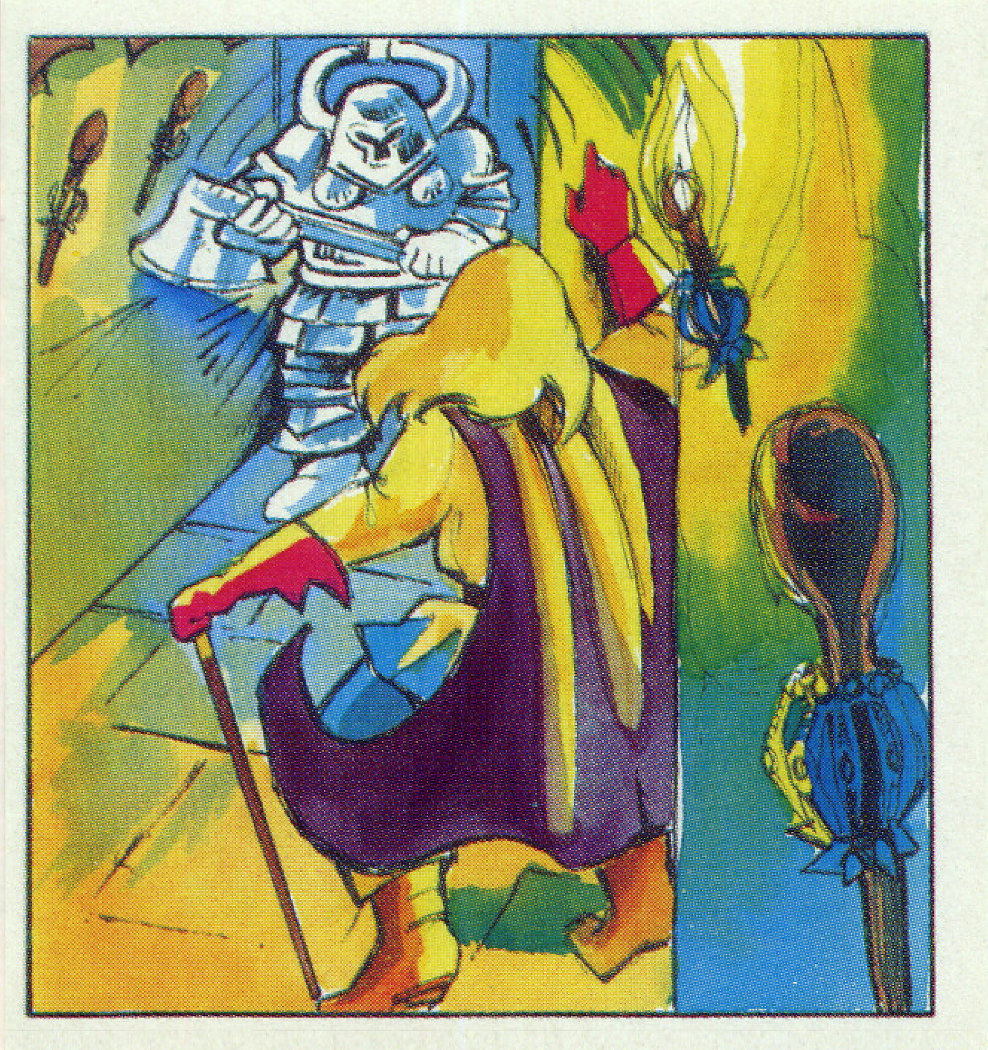
Carved into the heart of the Black Mountains, the Stone Palace was seized by Karlen – once the Emperor's personal wizard – when he succumbed to Chaos magic. Chandra gazed upon the grim, forbidding edifice.



Inside, the walls were the colour of bloodless corpses, the atmosphere cold and unforgiving. Chandra gripped his staff tightly, climbing steps which were dusty with crushed bones . . .



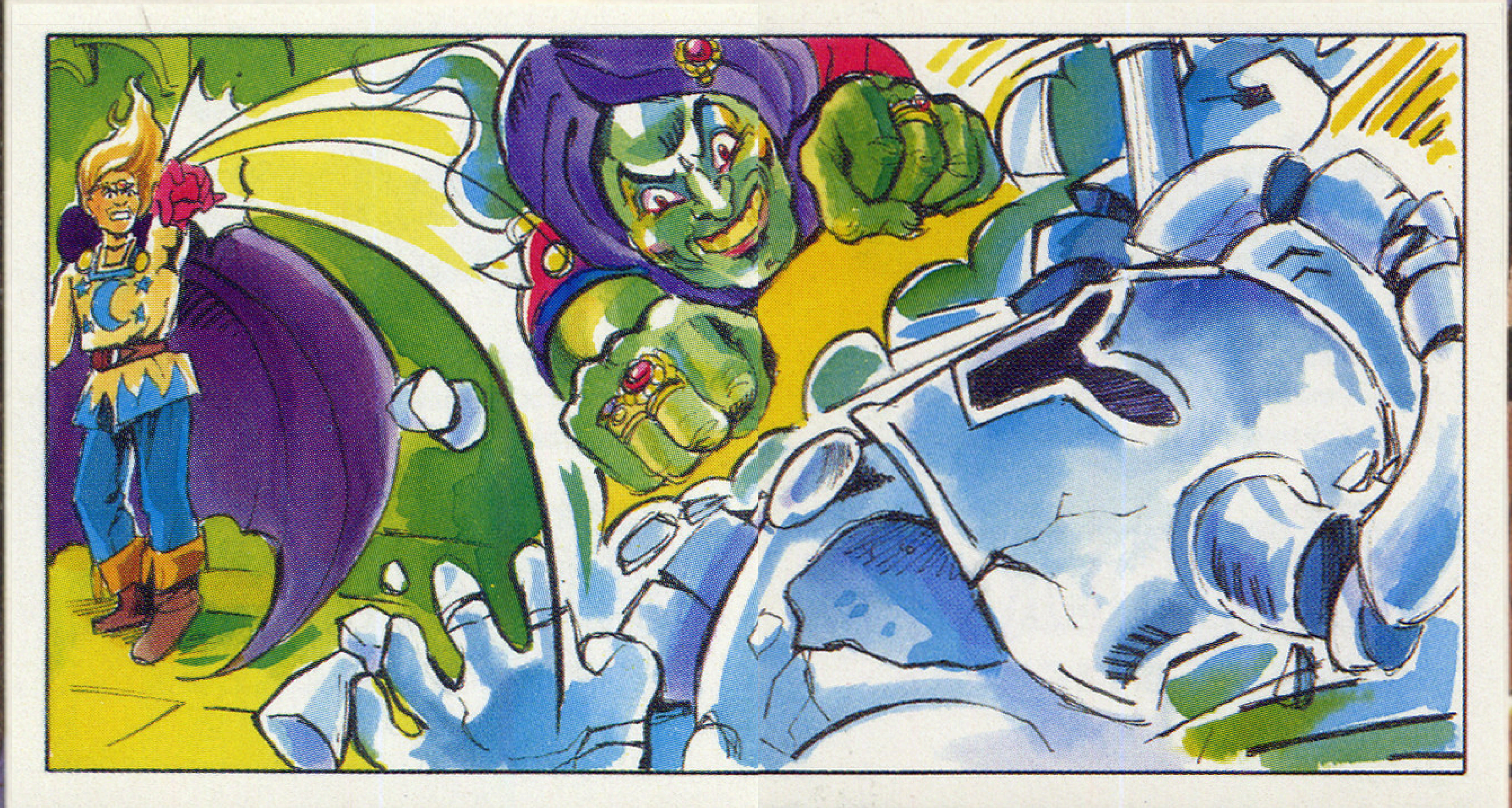
At the top, a tombstone door awaited him. It rumbled like distant thunder when opened, as did a second door, which lay beyond. Such sounds, Chandra knew, would echo through the palace, waking its undead.



The second door fed into a narrow, rough-walled corridor. Feeling his blood chilling with every stride, Chandra walked its length. It intersected with another – where an awesome Chaos Warrior was lurking!



Such dread creatures, with armour polished in blood, usually gleamed, yet this one was the colour of granite – it was made of stone! Chandra kept calm to cast a powerful air spell . . .



A stone visage embellished the demon's defences, but the wizard had summoned a genie with enormous destructive force. On Chandra's command, the genie seared at the stone monstrosity to shatter it!

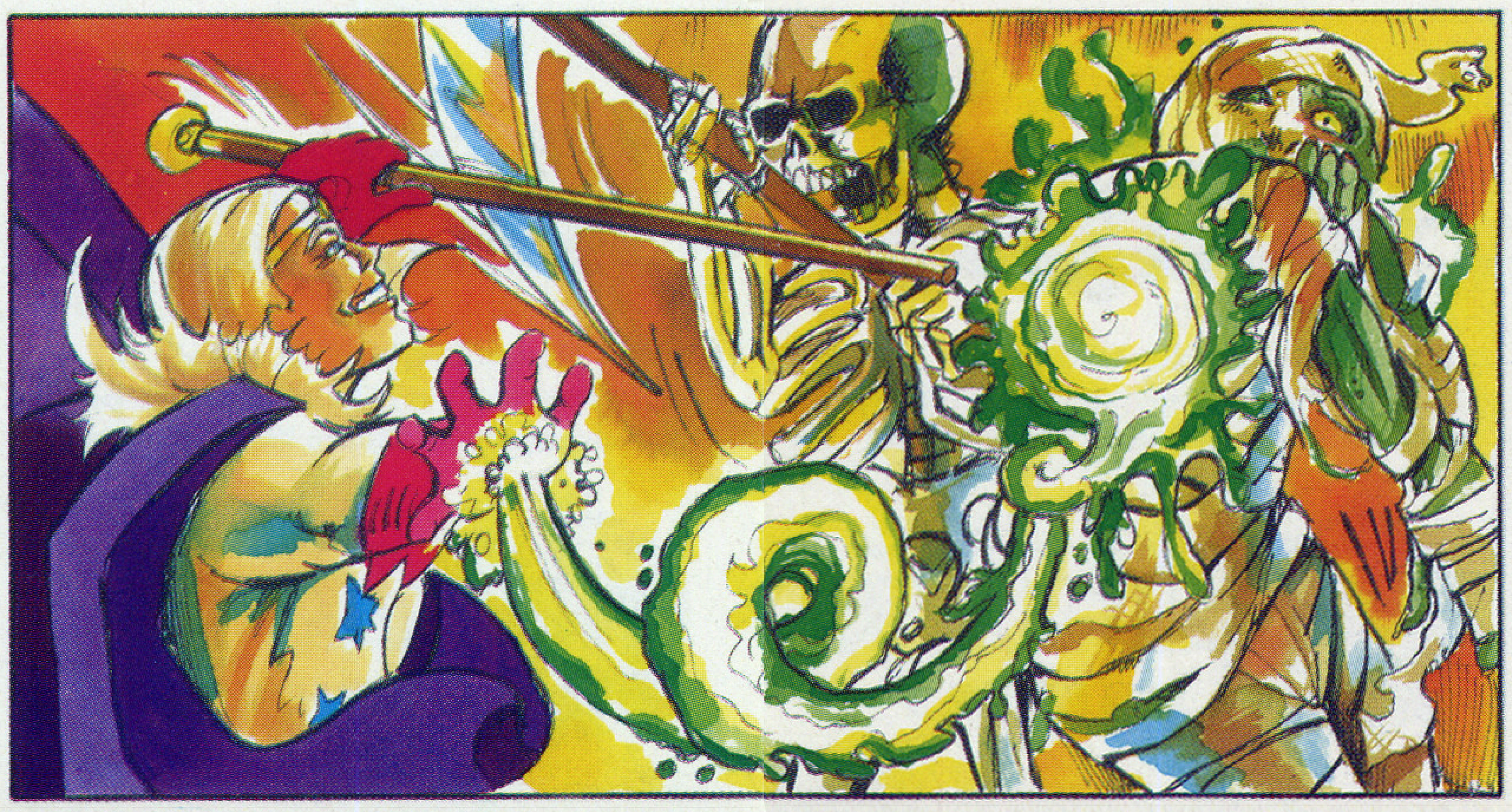

The rubble remains of the Stone Warrior cluttered the corridor. Chandra strode boldly through them, thinking not of the easy victory, but of the sterner challenges to follow. Turning a corner, he found one!
A second stone Chaos Warrior stood in his path. The wizard reached for the Wand of Recall, empowered to allow its user to cast two spells at once . . .
Charging himself with rock skin and fearless courage, Chandra took the fight to his foe. The first spell shielded the wizard from harm as the Fell Demon attacked. The second fired his limbs to get in close . . .
. . . and land the killer blow, stabbing his staff deep inside the Chaos Warrior's helmet! It was dead before it crashed to the ground.
Yet as the wizard retrieved his staff, a third stone Chaos Warrior lurched towards him. "By Loretomb – the place is infested with them!" Chandra cursed.
"I must make swifter progress," the wizard admonished himself. So saying, even as the Chaos Warrior bore down, he channelled his concentration to cast a powerful earth spell over his body.



It allowed him to pass through solid rock as if it were dense fog. Chandra stepped through wall after wall, crossing a room with a lurking gargoyle before it had chance to react.



The spell held to give him access to an armoury, but Chaos undead awaited him – a fetid, shuffling mummy and a skeleton with a viciously grinning skull prevented a swift search of the place.



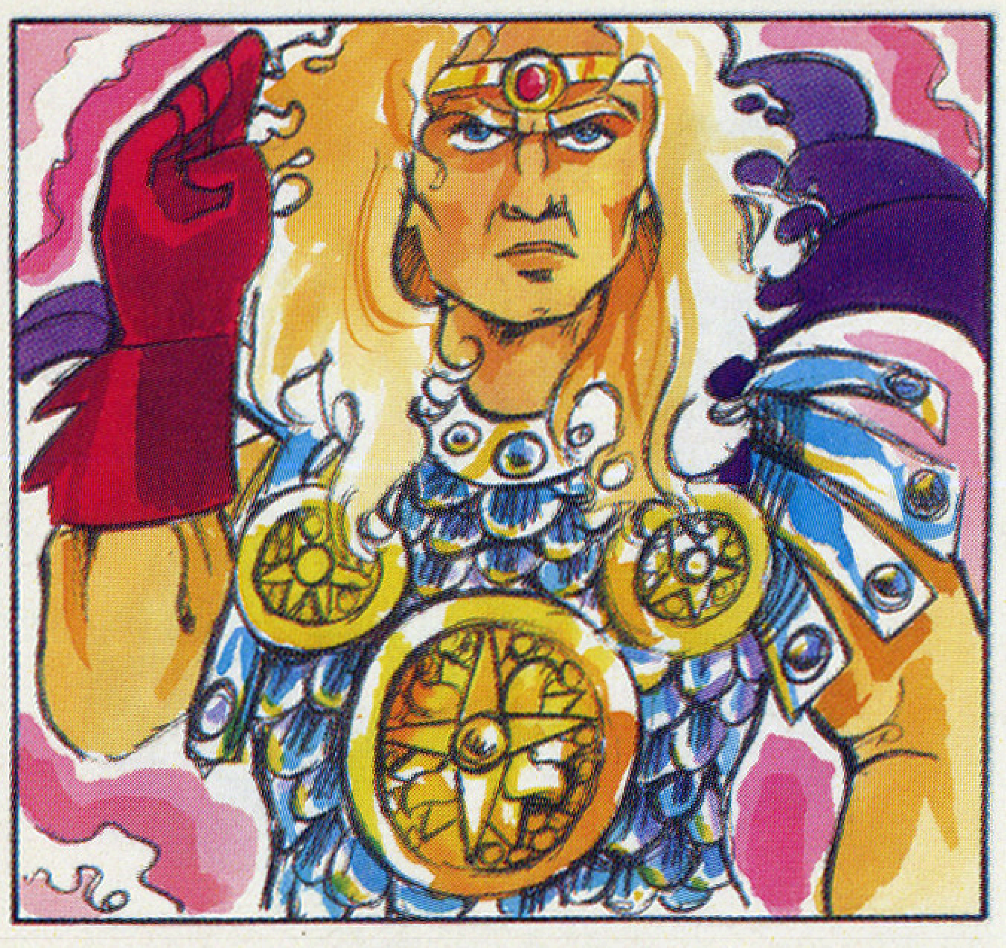
The wizard conjured up a ball of flame spell to engulf the mummy in fiery oblivion, while a sharp staff move checked the hack of the skeleton's scythe.



Then luck played its part. A twist of the staff caught his foe's skull exactly right, and it departed the skeleton's shoulders. Chandra's eyes fell upon something covered in animal skins . . .



. . . and beneath them lay the treasure he sought – the mail dipped in magic known as Borin's Armour!



Chandra donned the Arcane armour, hoping he'd have no need of its charmed protection. He summoned a swift wind air spell to speed his escape.

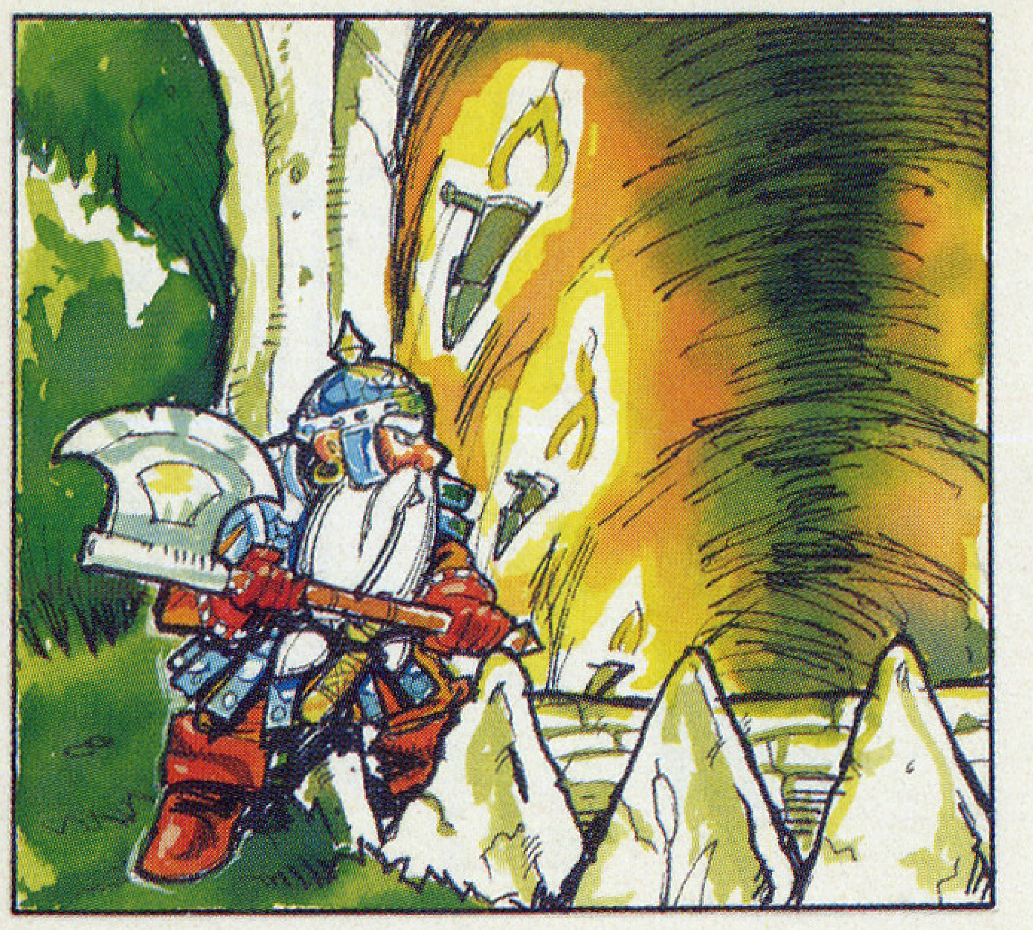


Whisked forward by the magic wind, the wizard breezed through doors and rooms. Again, he was past the gargoyle before the fearsome monster could respond.
Chandra knew the stone Chaos Warrior lurked in the corridors. Another air spell – a tempest – embroiled the demon while the wizard hurried by.
Unhindered, he sped back through the palace to the stairway – but Karlen himself blocked that exit. Karlen had been consumed by the evil Chaos sorcery in which he'd dabbled to become a dangerous, grotesque Wizard Zombie.
Karlen was ready to destroy himself rather than let another wizard better him. Invoking terrible chaotic power, Karlen brought the walls of the room crashing down on Chandra.
Though injured, Borin's armour saved Chandra from certain death. Brandishing the Wand of Recall, he cast two spells – one to heal his body's wounds, the other to despatch a fire of wrath to torch Karlen.
The Stone Palace crumbled through Karlen's sorcery. Chandra hurtled down the steps even as they disintegrated under his feet. The structure caved in but Chandra dived clear, salvaging Borin's armour to accomplish his quest!

the Bastion of Chaos



Mentor called forward Grugni, a ferocious warrior dwarf skilled in disarming dangerous traps. His quest was to retrieve the magic sword Orc's Bane, held in the strong underground fortress known as the Bastion of Chaos.



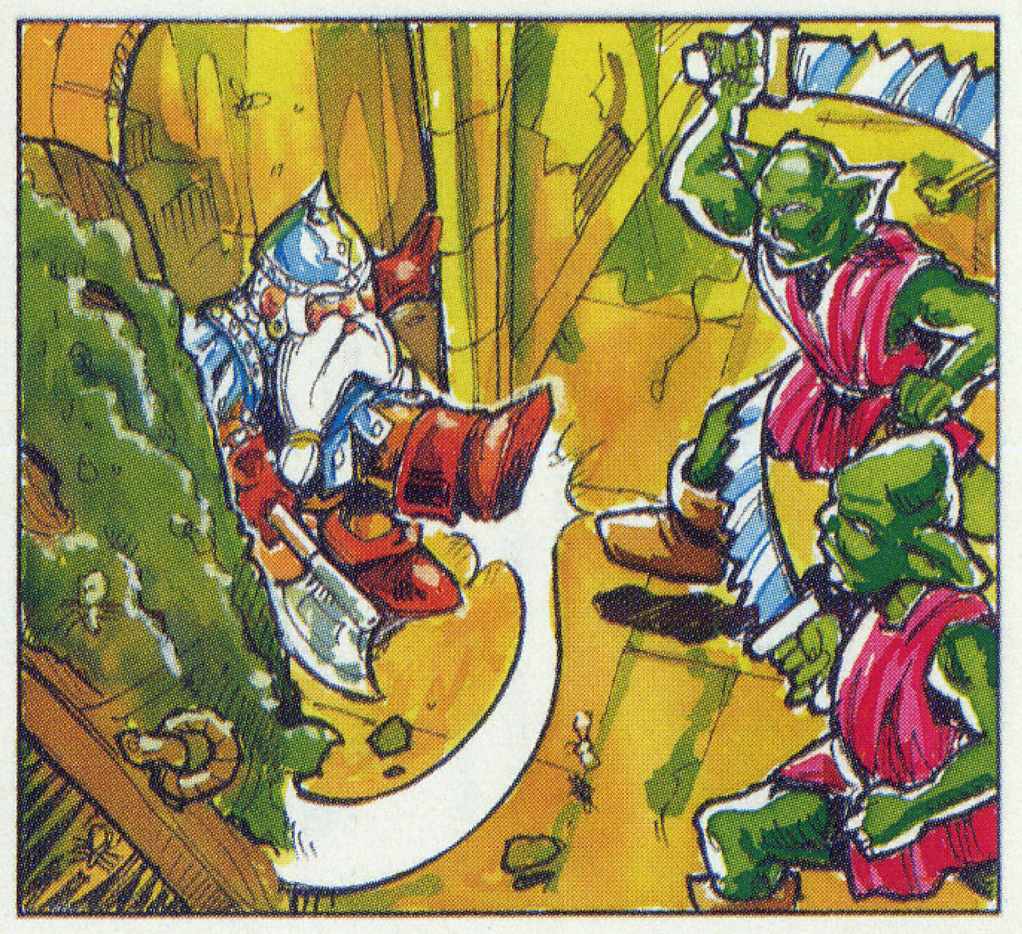
Guided by Mentor and Loretome, Grugni journeyed without mishap to the Den of Demons. He wore the magical Borin's Armour, which offered extra protection. Despite his fighting skills, the dwarf knew he'd need it!



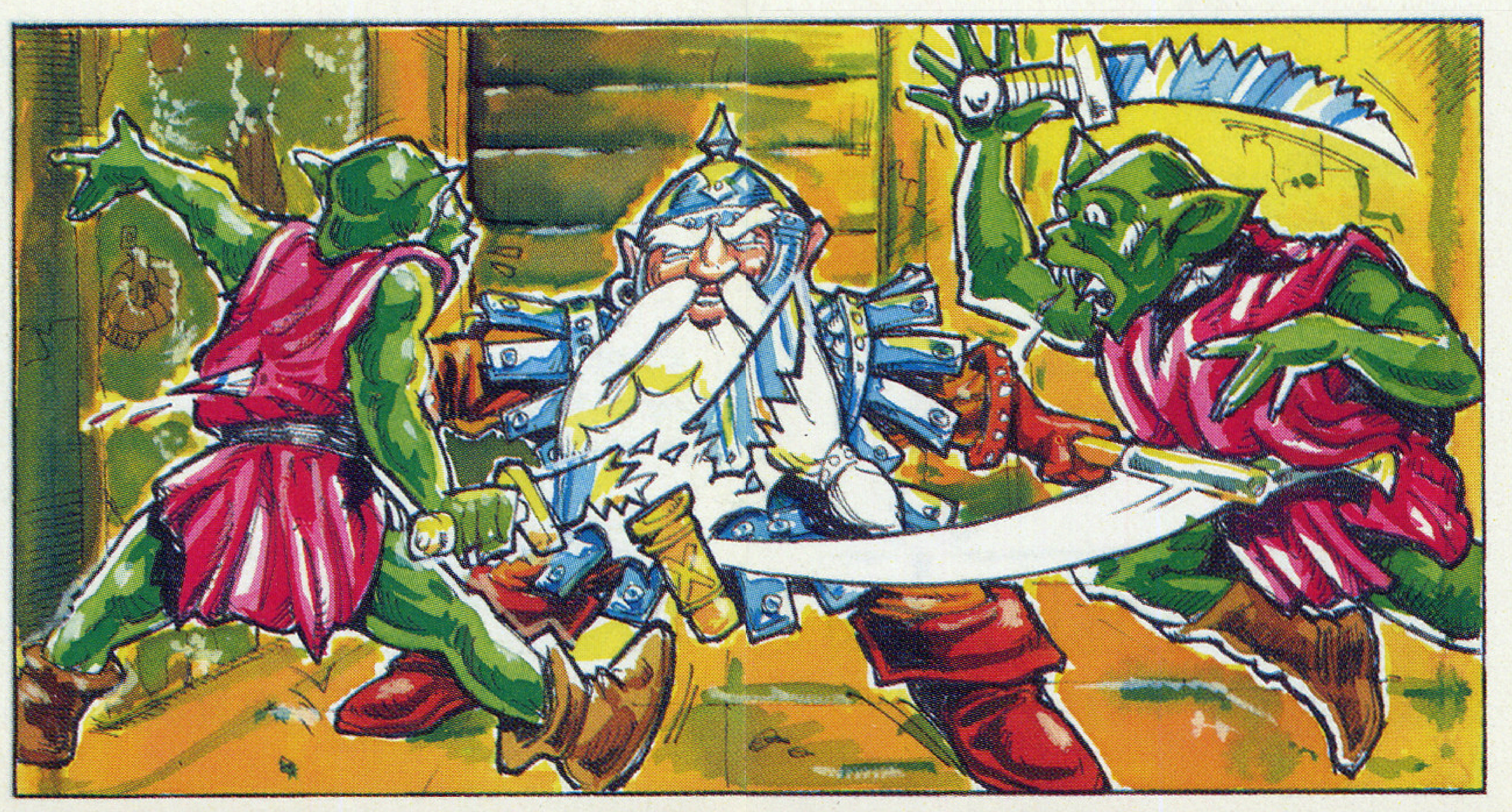
He ventured inside. Cold air, foul with festering damp, tugged at his long white beard. From deeper within, he heard terrible human screams, followed by shrieks of evil, inhuman delight . . .



"Perish here, and who's to know?" he wondered, descending uneven steps to a bug-infested door. Then he tightened his grip on 'Demon-Doom', his axe, and chuckled, "Save they I take with me!"

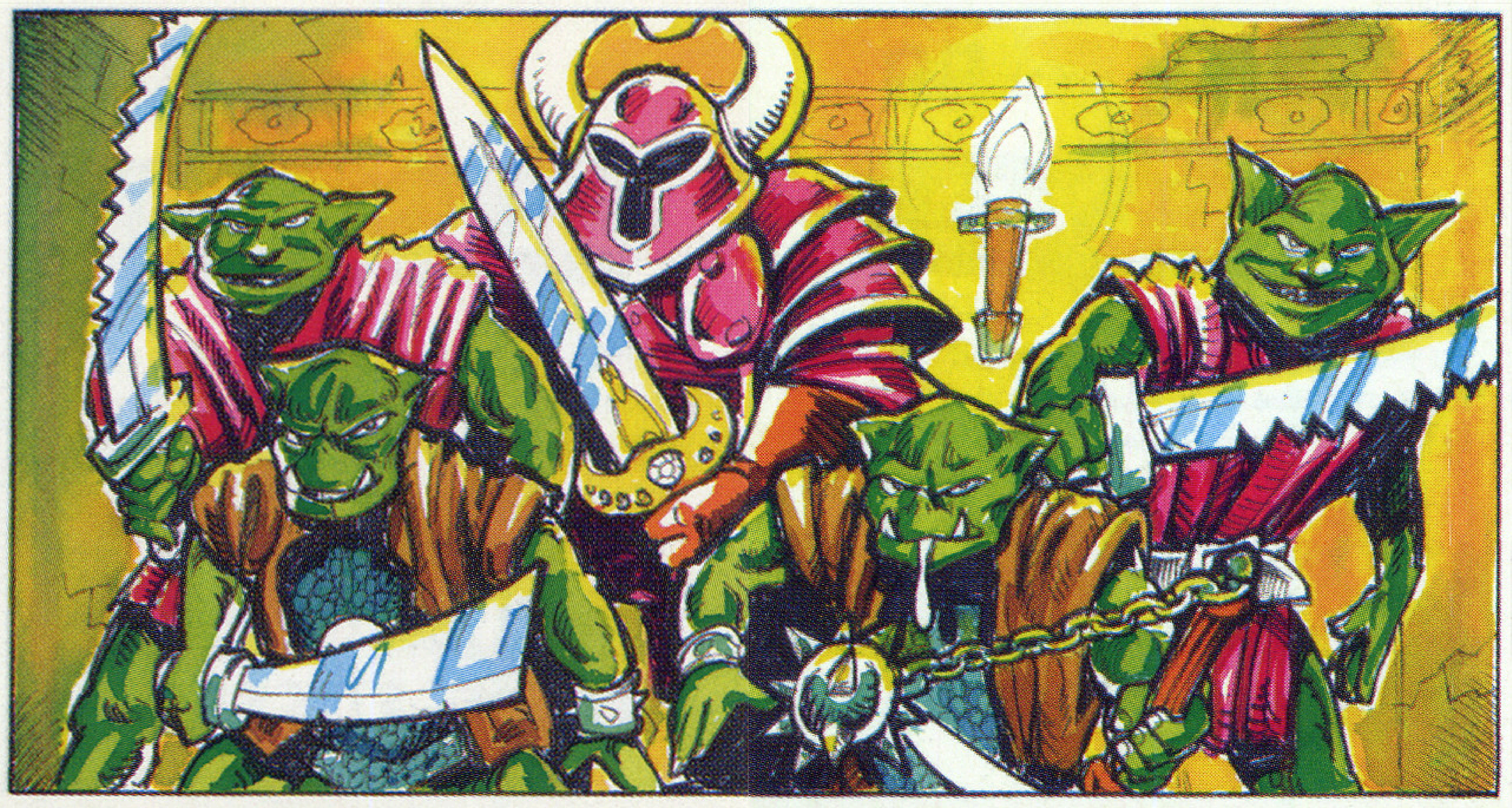


Grugni fearlessly kicked open the door. A pair of spiteful looking goblins sprang forward. The dwarf grinned. "Thou green skinned loons! Forever swift to attack . . . "



" . . . and swift to die! Feast upon death howls, Demon-Doom!" Goblins, aggressive but lacking strength, were no match for the warrior dwarf in this mood.


The goblin room fed through to an empty one, which in turn gave access to a corridor. More screams of terror echoed in Grugni's ears. He headed in their direction, quickening his pace.
Grugni's mind raced. "Stay the search for Orc's Bane! Lost souls need saving from this hell-hole!" he reasoned. But deep in thought, he didn't see two skulking goblins in a recess . . .
Their swift attack caught Grugni unawares. They hacked at him again and again with their cruel blades. But for Borin's Armour, the dwarf would have perished where he stood.
The reprieve gave him time to react. Crushing the fight out of one goblin between the armour and a wall, he put Demon-Doom to work on the second.
"Learn the lesson, Grugni," he admonished himself. "Keep thy mind to the quest alone." That thought led the dwarf to search for traps. A deep floor pit was discovered, and safely negotiated.
Closed doors tempted the dwarf, but he left them closed to move deeper into the bastion in search of Orc's Bane. At a bend in the corridor, a shrieking goblin came hurtling his way.
Grugni stood his ground to turn the goblin's shrieking to a death rattle. "Demon-Doom, 'tis a busy day for thee," the dwarf said, swinging the axe.
More twists and turns in the corridor brought Grugni to a door he suspected would open to a room at the black heart of the bastion. He pushed its insect-ridden shape with the axe. It slowly creaked open . . .



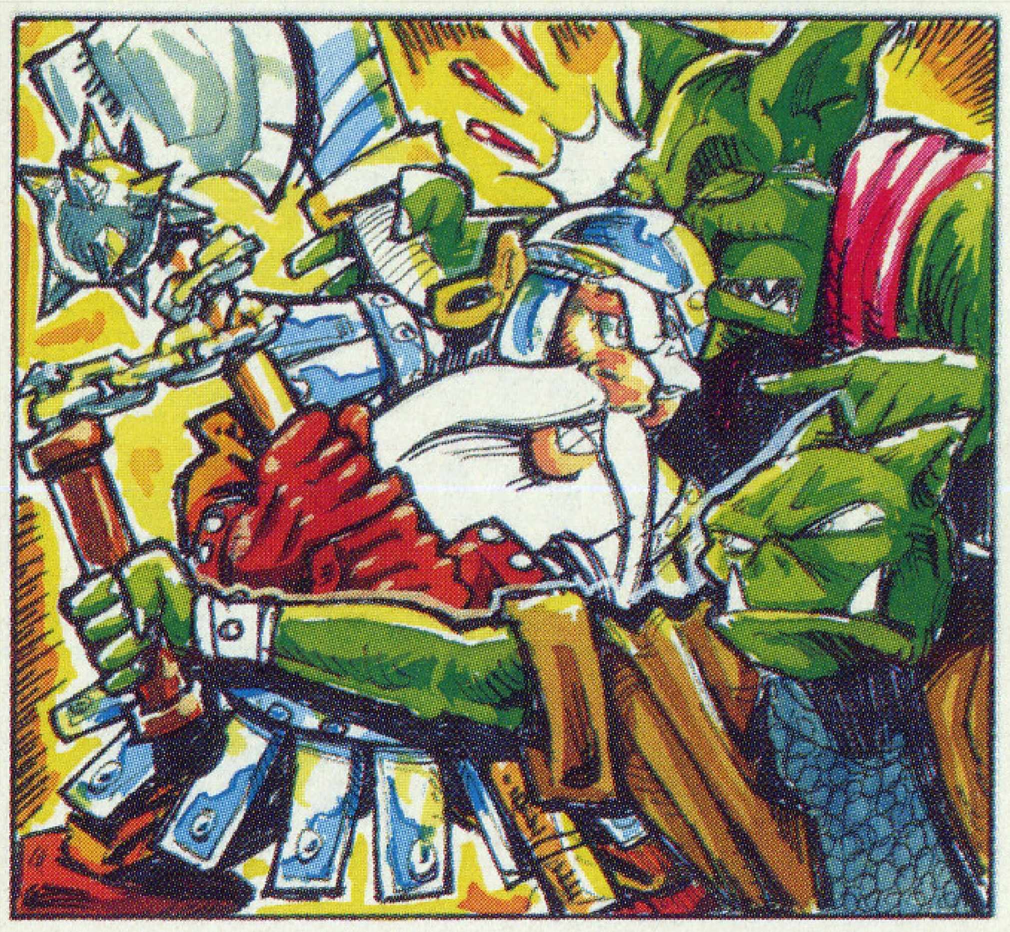
The room was large – it needed to be to accommodate the line-up of foul creatures inside. The goblins and orcs smirked with blood-lust, though Grugni was more troubled by a weapon in the Chaos Warrior's hand . . .



It was the object of his quest – Orc's Bane! Grugni couldn't escape the cruel irony . . . There seemed a strong chance he'd be impaled on the very sword he sought.



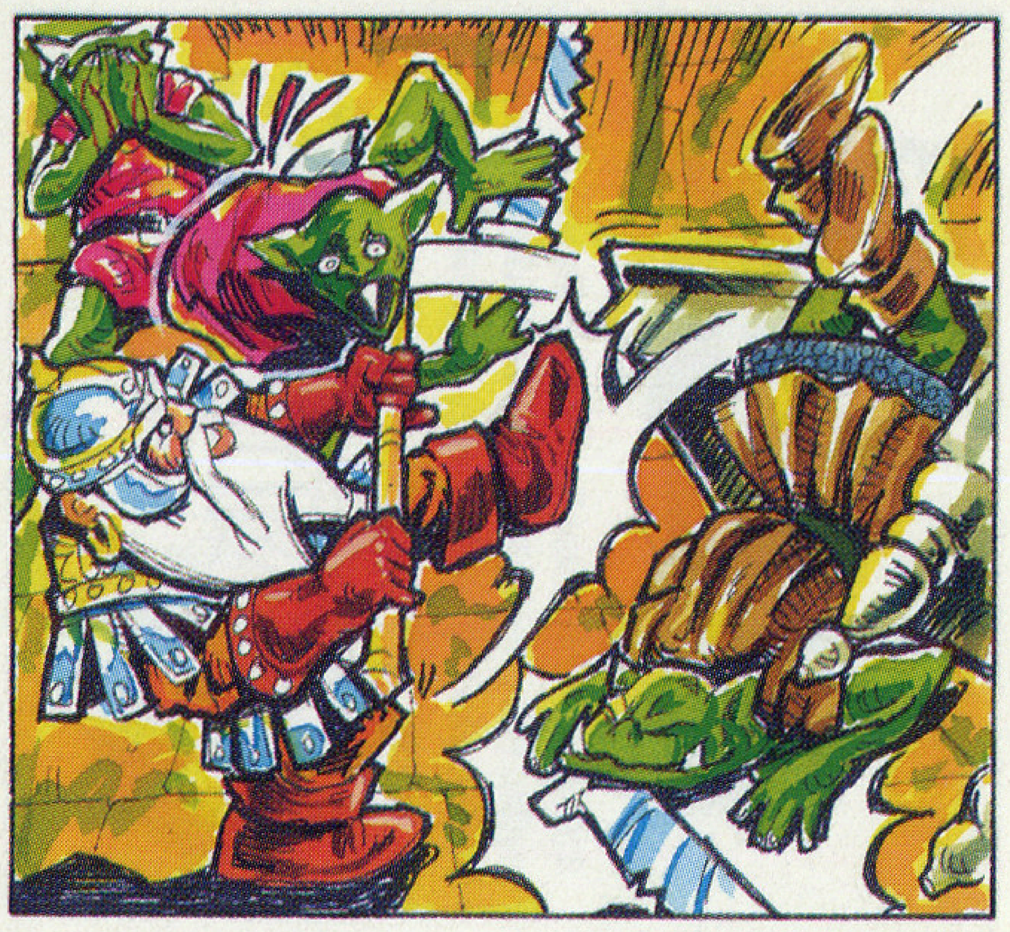
The attack came instantly. A goblin and orc led the charge, intent on tearing Grugni limb from limb.



But Grugni was ready to fight fire with fire. With Demon-Doom resisting the orc's swinging spiked-ball attack, he improvised against the goblin.



There were no 'rules of engagement' when Chaos creatures were the enemy. "Anything goes 'gainst demon-spawn," Grugni cautioned, putting his axe handle to effective use, "even thy teeth!"



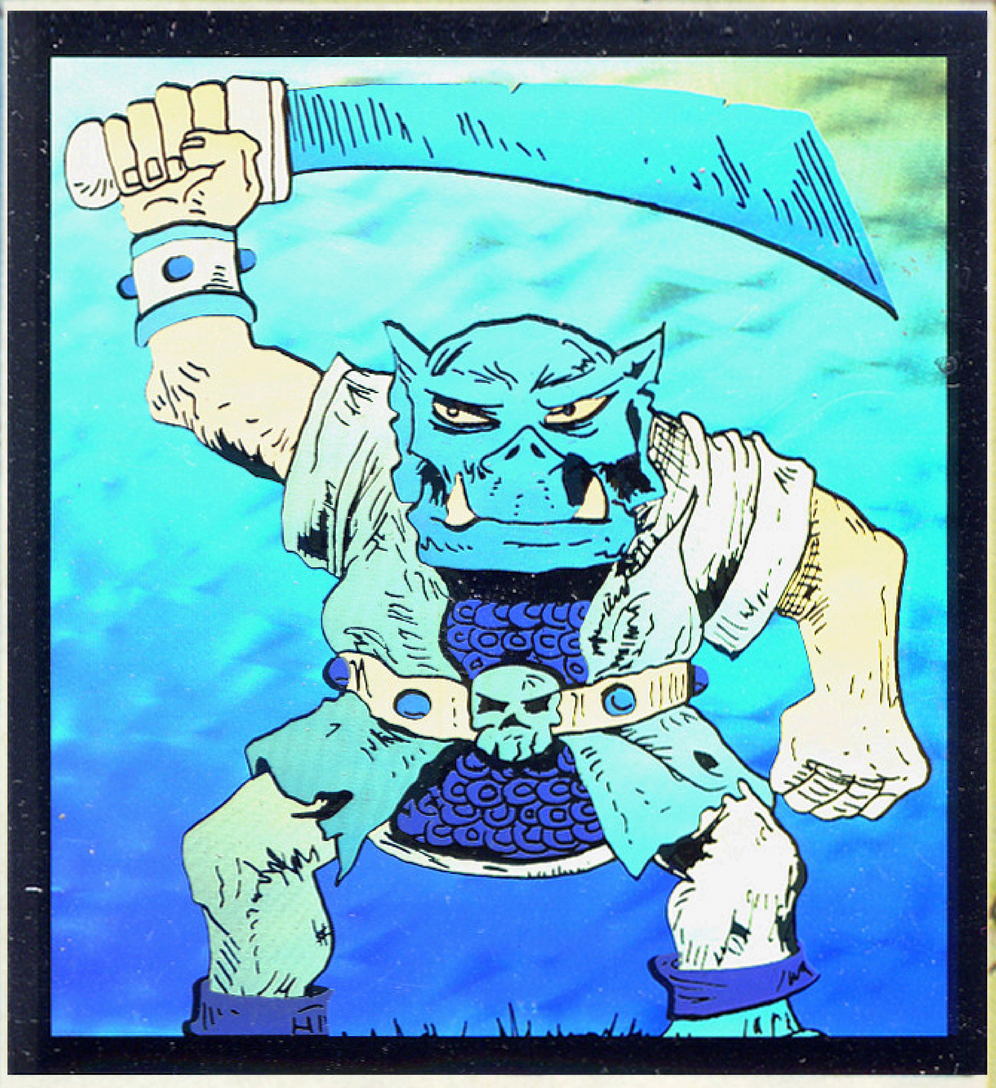
"Get thee a decent weapon like Demon-Doom to battle armour, pipsqueak!" mocked the dwarf as he dispatched the second goblin. A re-arrangement of the furniture stemmed another orc's progress.


The grounded Orc presented an easy target, but delivering the lethal blow left the dwarf vulnerable too. The Chaos Warrior stepped up to take advantage with Orc's Bane . . .
The dwarf's instant reaction saved his head – and cost the first orc its life! "'Tis named Orc's Bane, not Dwarf's Bane, after all!" goaded Grugni.
Steel clashed against resilient armour as Grugni and the Chaos Warrior traded brutal blows. Each savage strike was a search for a weakness in the opponent's protection.
But when Demon-Doom struck deep into the warrior's armour, its handle wrenched free of Grugni's fingers. He hadn't landed a killing blow and suddenly he was weaponless. His foe teetered forward, raising Orc's Bane . . .
Grugni grabbed a goblin blade as the death lunge came. The warrior, a fraction awry with Orc's Bane, drove itself onto the slender sword. Irony had turned again – a Chaos weapon killed the Chaos fiend.
The dwarf sought to celebrate Orc's Bane's capture by testing its name. But, as if knowing, the Chaos hordes had fled. "Ratguts!" cursed Grugni, emerging from the fortress, "never an orc when thee wants one . . . !"

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Goblins
These green-skinned creatures are small and cruel. Despite their size and lack of brute strength, they are dangerous foes. Orcs have enslaved many goblin tribes, and the two are often found together.



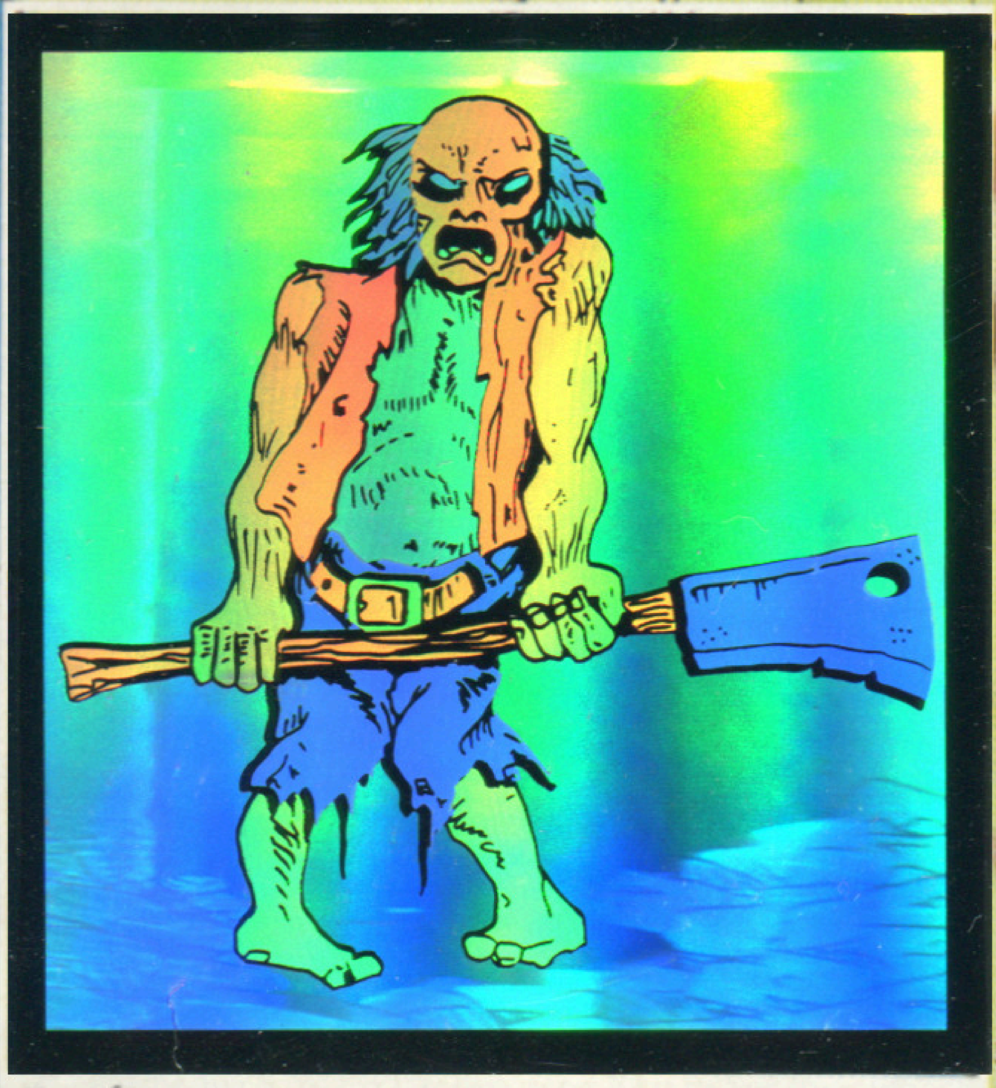
Orcs
Orcs are related to goblins, but are larger and much more powerful. They form the rank and file of Morcar's armies and delight in cruelty and slaughter. Savage and vicious warriors, orcs should never be underestimated.



Fimir
These one-eyed, lizard-like creatures are stronger even than orcs. They are sometimes found leading small bands of orcs and goblins but are dangerous enough even when encountered singly.



Skeletons
The animated remains of long dead warriors, skeletons form the bulk of the armies of the undead. They are slow but relentless, controlled by Chaos magic.



Zombies
Like skeletons, Zombies are magically animated corpses. Unlike skeletons, some bear traces of decaying flesh and muscle. Their movements are slow and awkward, and they carry the stench of the grave wherever they go.



Mummies
Embalmed and preserved by secret and magical arts, mummies are controlled by a more powerful version of the magic that animates zombies and skeletons. They are very hard to overcome in single-handed combat.



Chaos Warriors
These are men who have become monsters – slaves to darkness. They are always heavily armoured and often bear weapons enchanted with Chaos magics. These dread warriors strike fear into all but the bravest (or most foolish) of opponents.

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Gargoyles
These foul creatures are also produced by Chaos magic. In essence, they are stone statues of great monsters, brought to life through arcane rituals. Their stone 'skin' makes them very hard to wound in combat.



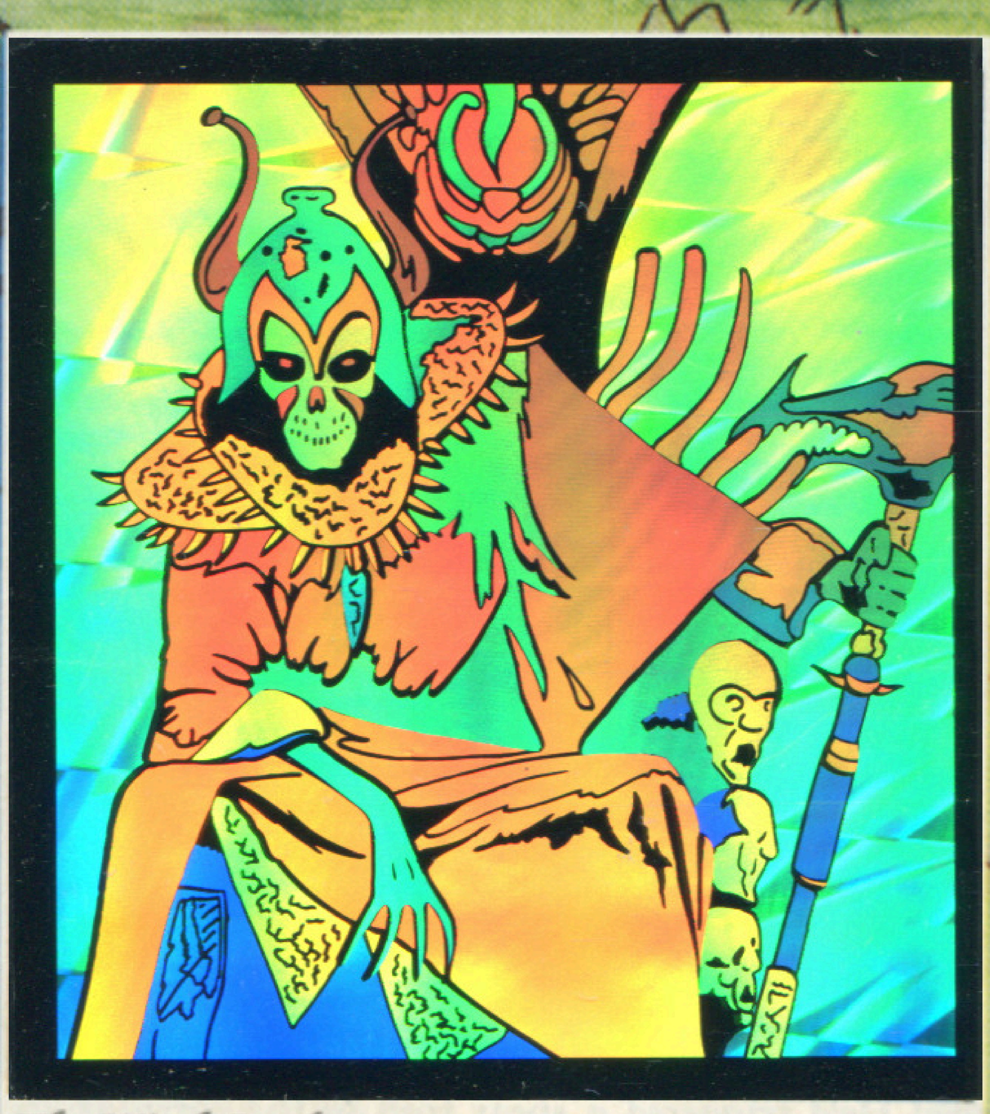
Balur, the Fire Mage
A powerful sorcerer, and Master of Fire Magic, who is immune to the fire spells of the Emperor's wizards. From his lair, deep beneath Black Fire Crag, Balur has been invoking fire magic to help the orcs of the Black Mountains on their raids.



Karlen, the Wizard Zombie
Once the Emperor's personal wizard, Karlen succumbed to the lures of Chaos magic. He took control of the Stone Palace, before he was consumed by the arcane sorcery he was dabbling with, which left him a zombie.



Chaos Sorcerers
The nameless commanders (of small bands of Chaos creatures) who are skilled in the black arts of Chaos magic are legion. Many were once ordinary wizards, tempted by the sheer power of the darker sorcery to become enslaved by it.



The Witch Lord
Also known as the King of the Dead, the Witch Lord has a vital role in Morcar's darkling schemes, leading his army of undead against the Emperor's forces. Immune to the spells of ordinary wizards, he can only be harmed by the spirit blade.

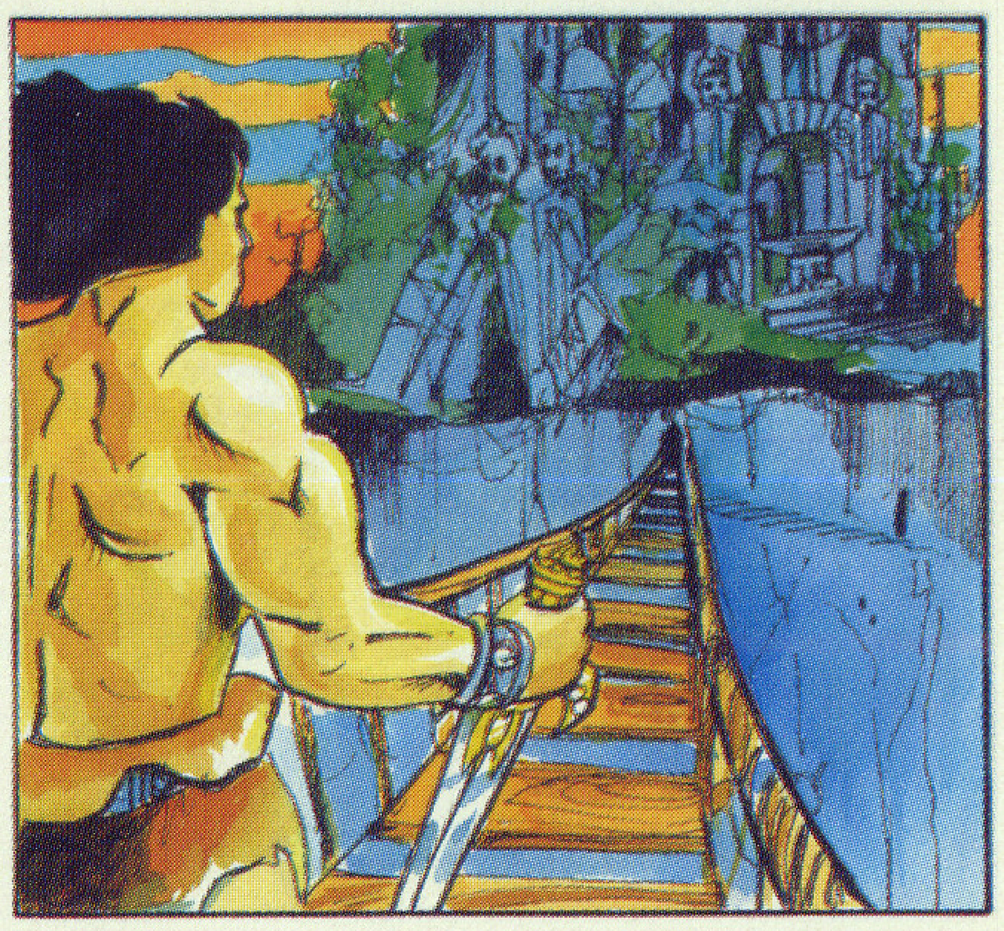


Morcar
The Lord of Chaos was once Mentor's apprentice before he pledged allegiance to the dread powers of darkness. Mentor, aided by Rogar, has banished him before, but he plots constantly to unleash his arcane skills upon the Empire – and destroy it!

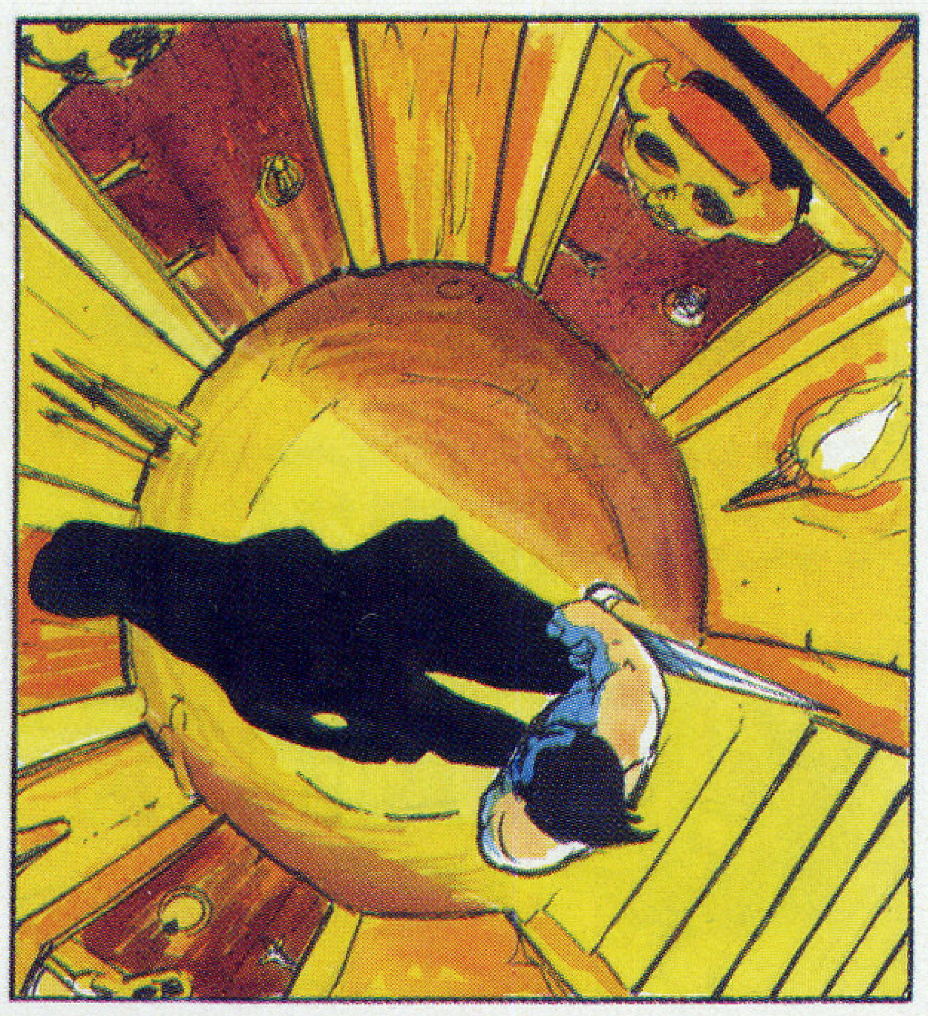
the Spirit Blade



The barbarian, Storn, had been eager to receive the call to quest. At last Mentor instructed the awesome warrior. He was to journey to an ancient temple in search of a second magic sword called the Spirit Blade.



The temple, on an isolated finger of rock, was reached by a rope bridge. Storn took Mentor's advice and left behind his mighty two-handed sword, in favour of the lighter, quicker Orc's Bane.



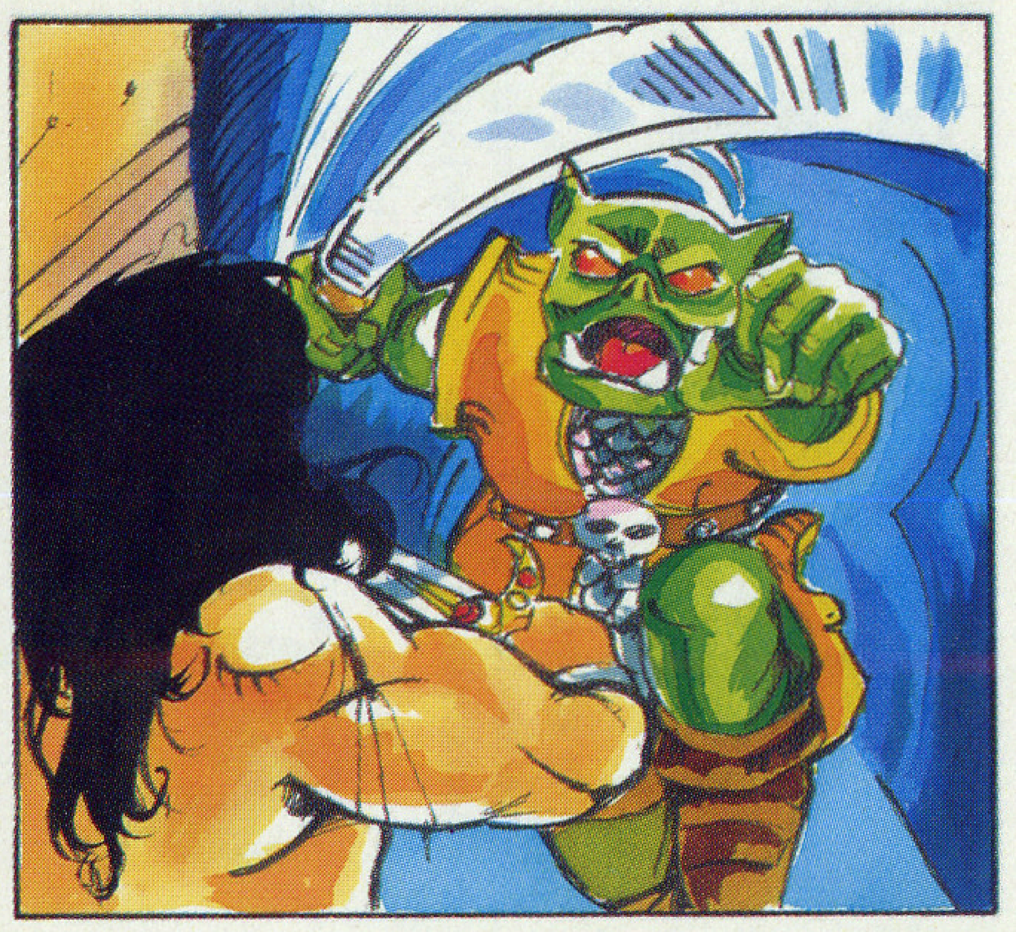
The bridge led to a tunnel in the side of the outcrop of rock. The barbarian climbed the steps in the tunnel to emerge in a roof-less square room with four exits.



He selected one, and proceeded to squeeze his muscular frame through it. Out in a corridor, he glanced left and right for trouble . . .



. . . forgetting that it can sometimes come from above! He'd triggered a spear trap in the corridor and had to scramble to avoid serious injury from its lethal spikes.



Storn progressed to a turn in the corridor. A snarling orc raced at him, brandishing a cruel-looking cleaver. The barbarian relaxed. No traps, no magic . . . just man against monster.



Storn's reactions were far too quick for the creature's crude attack. Orc's Bane did the rest, plunging home through the demon's wart-crusted flesh with satisfying ease.



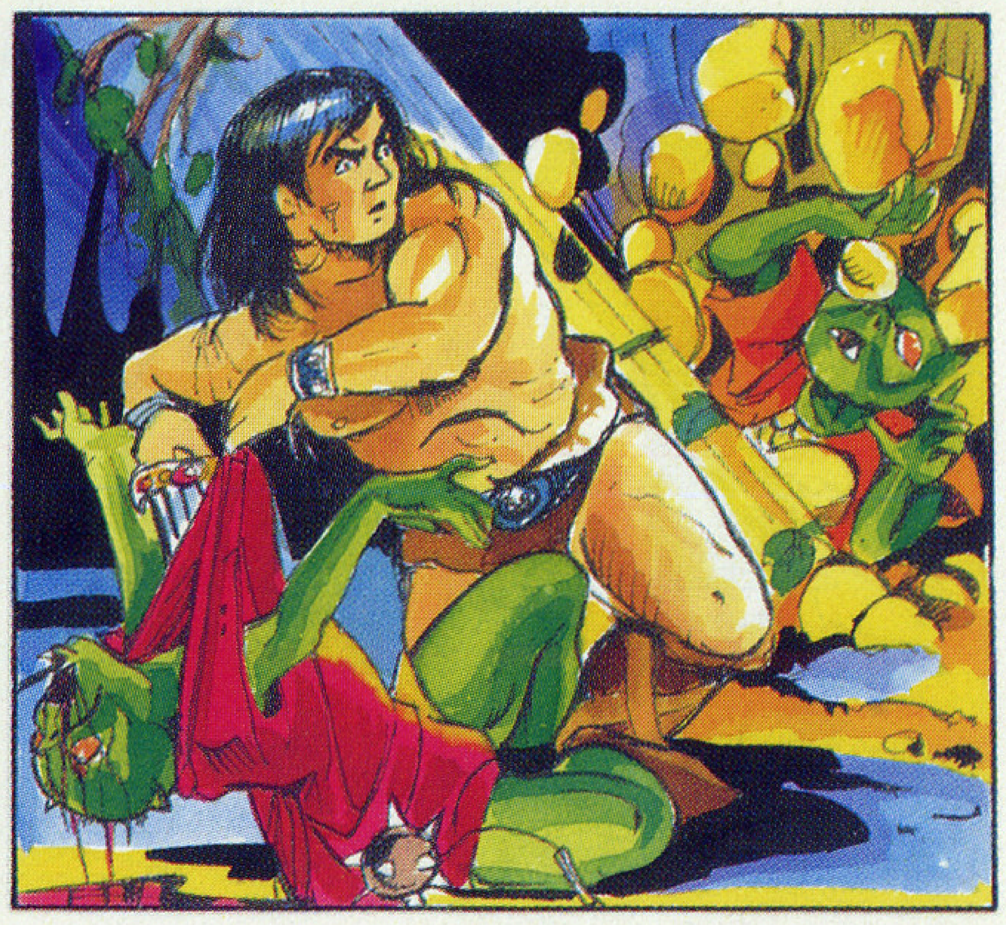
The first combat over, Storn ventured confidently further into the ruins. Orc's Bane handled well in his fingers – he was keen to try it against more testing opposition.



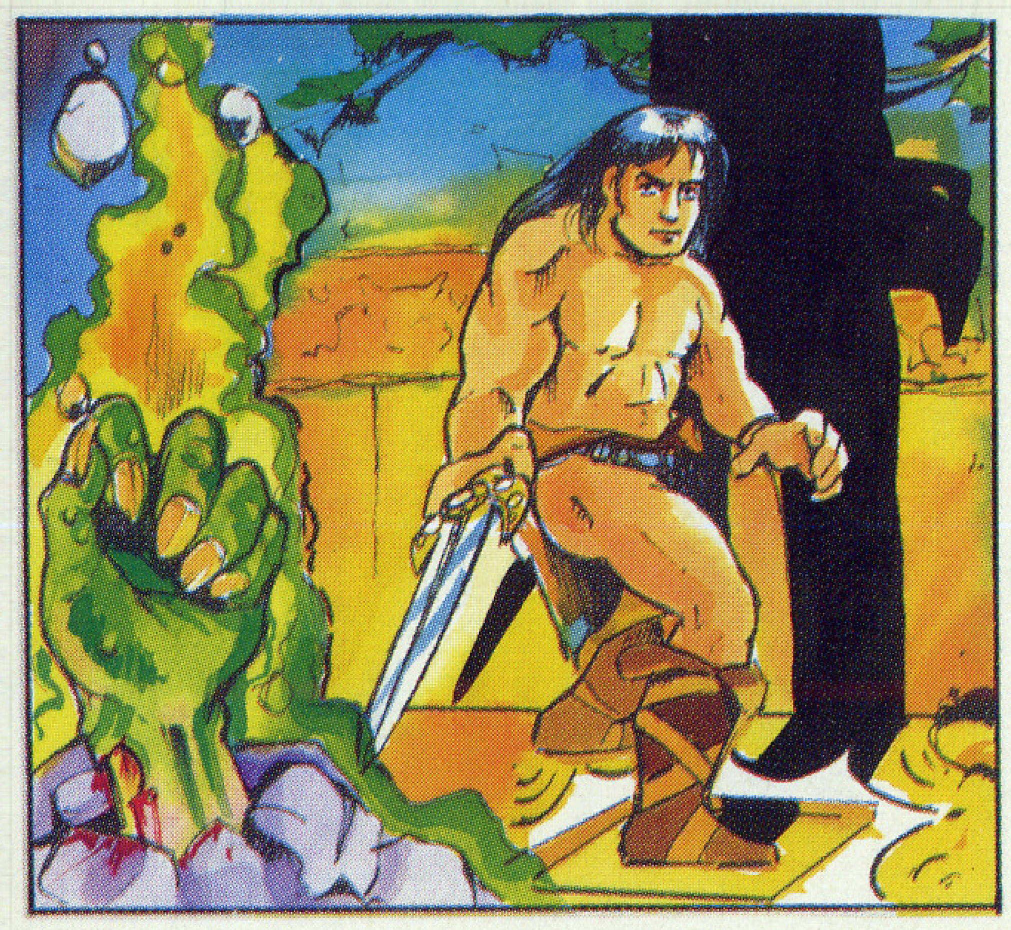
His wish was granted moments later. Two orcs were waiting to ambush the barbarian at a blind spot in the temple. Surprise was on their side . . .



. . . but little else! Storn carried the fight to them, believing that with Orc's Bane, the advantage was his despite the imbalance in numbers.



The first swiftly fell to the blade's razor edge. Yet the second, in stumbling backwards from Storn's kick, triggered a rock fall trap.



Boulders rained down. The orc all but disappeared beneath them. "I must be wary," Storn cautioned himself. "The temple is rotten with traps." Yet even as he edged past, his front foot triggered another!


In desperation, the barbarian pitched himself blindly forward to avoid more falling boulders. The dive took him clear of the rocks – but into more danger!
Storn was at the feet of a ghastly Fimir. The lizard-like demon thrashed its double-bladed axe down at the barbarian. Instinctively, he rolled. The axe hacked the ground where his head had just been.
The Fimir fixed the barbarian with its evil single eye as they fought. Again and again, Storn used the sword to block the Chaos Demon's axe, only to suffer wounding thwacks from its club tail.
Prompted by those bruising blows, Storn countered. Summoning every last ounce of effort, he drove inside the Fimir's defences, and Orc's Bane struck home. Yet his victory was greeted by shrieks of laughter . . .
"Such brave, valiant, wasted effort!" mocked a Chaos sorcerer from a corridor behind. The sorcerer, demonstrating powerful magic, had appeared from nowhere. Storn's blood ran cold . . .
The barbarian relished battle against any weapon-wielding foe, but spell-casters could rarely be fought with sharpened steel. Storn backed away as the sorcerer began invoking black chaotic magic.
The vines in the overgrown ancient temple came alive. Like vicious tentacles, they coiled around the barbarian's ankles before he could escape, then tugged him towards the sorcerer.

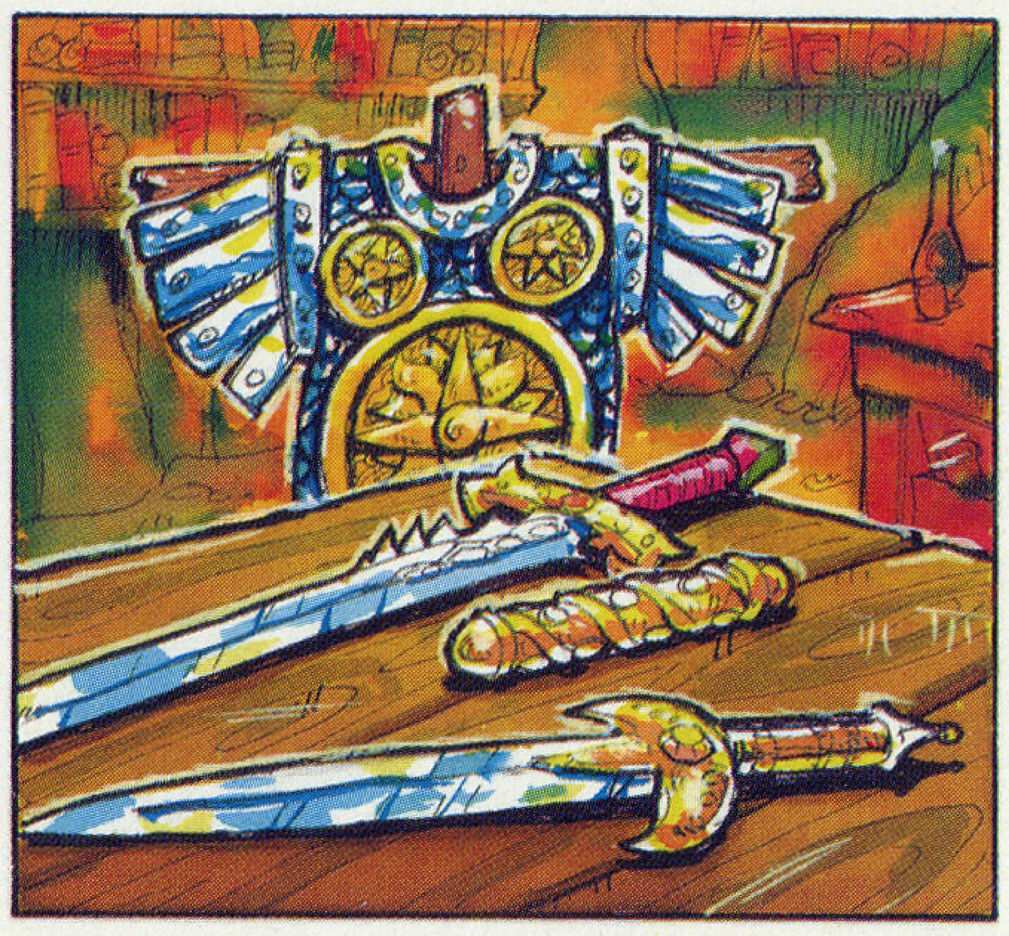

More vines wound around his legs to drag him at pace towards their evil master. Storn hacked with Orc's Bane at the vines but – pulsing with dark sorcery – they couldn't be broken.
In desperation, Storn clawed for walls and columns to arrest the pulling vines. His fingers slipped, then dug deep into the dead leaves and loose earth. Something lost centuries before rolled into his hand.
It was a vial of clear liquid. With nothing to lose, Storn hurled it at the sorcerer. The vial broke, splashing its contents which scalded the demon spellbinder like acid.
"Holy water, mayhap!" Storn speculated. "In truth, barbarian, fortune smiled on thee moments gone." Cutting himself free, Storn looked to the door which he'd been left outside.
A well-aimed kick opened the door wide. Inside, four grisly skeletons armed with wickedly sharpened scythes stood guarding something bathed in an eerie blue light . . .
There was no mistaking it. It was the object of Storn's quest – the Spirit Blade!


Fired by a sight of the quest treasure, the barbarian leapt amongst its guardians. Two skeletons shattered under impact from one brutal slice of Orc's Bane.
Another of the undead was chopped in half as the great warrior crashed the blade down through it with the force of two men.
The last skeleton fell victim to the very weapon it was guarding. But the instant Storn removed the spirit blade from its stone setting, a distant, dull rumble began to vibrate through the temple.
The ground shook. The rumble grew to a roar. "The temple is a trap itself!" Storn gasped, convinced that separating sword from stone had triggered a cave-in. With walls crashing down around him, he ran.
With crumbling masonry, death was only inches from claiming him. Storn sped past toppling walls and statues, trusting to instinct to find the stairway to survival. Upon sight, he threw himself headlong for it.
He collected scores of cuts and bruises tumbling down the tunnel steps, though emerging on the rope bridge with the Spirit Blade safe, he felt nothing but elation at the successful conclusion of his quest.

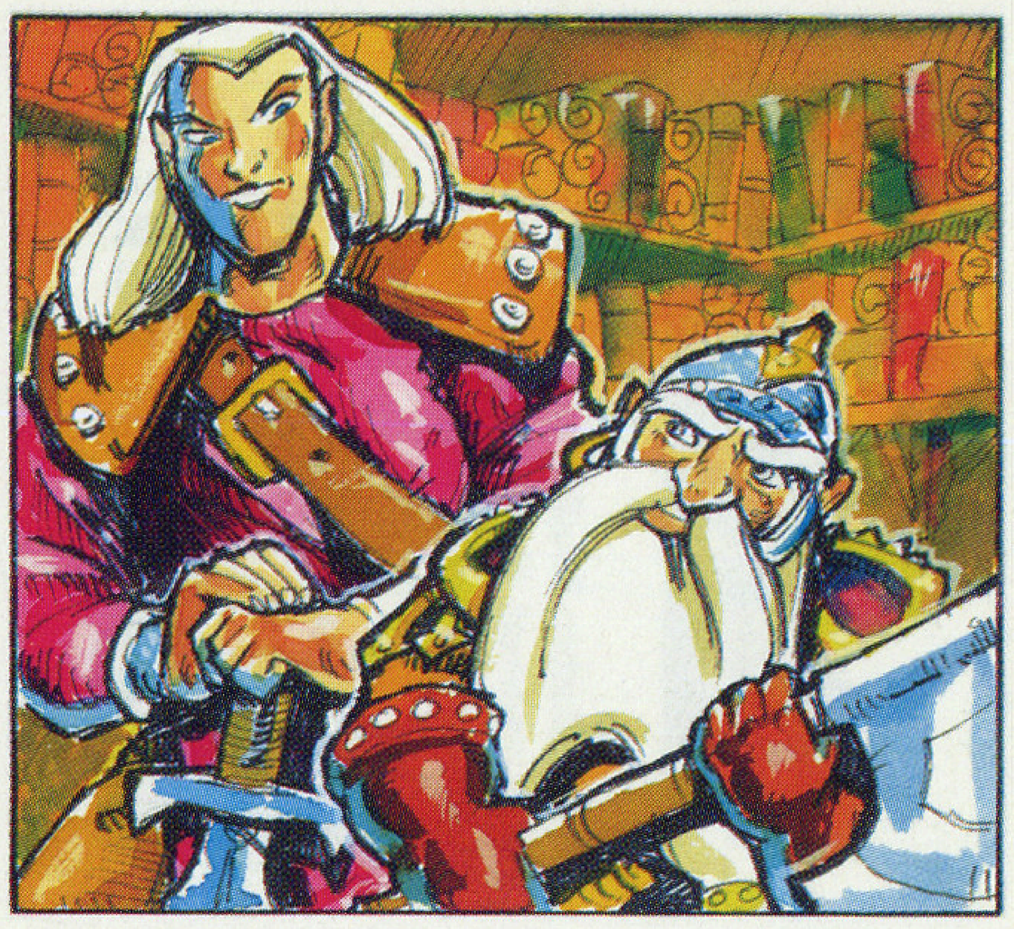
the Barrow of the Witch Lord



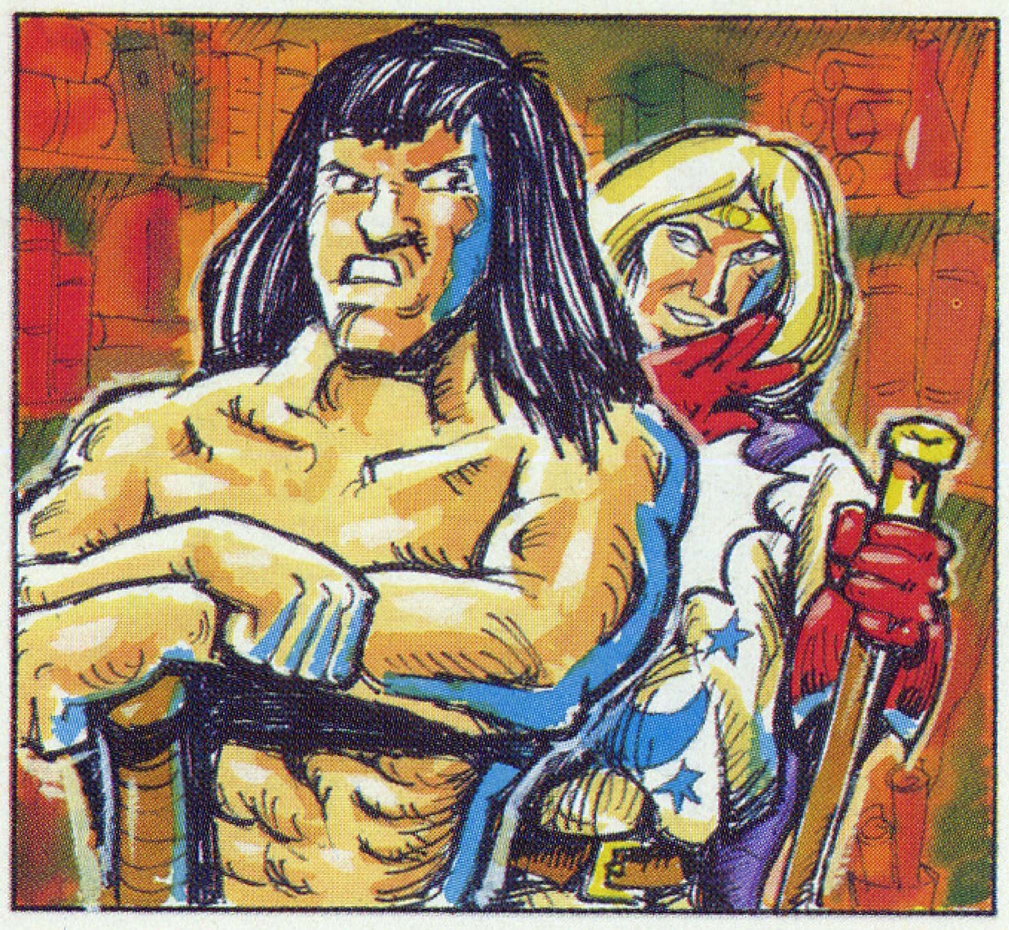
Mentor addressed the would-be heroes in his domain. "You have each done well in individual quests. Yet all your endeavours will count for nought, if failure thwarts your last test . . ."



"The treasures you have captured are but tools for two final tasks which lie ahead. The first is to liberate the Star of the East – the gem worn by Rogar himself!"



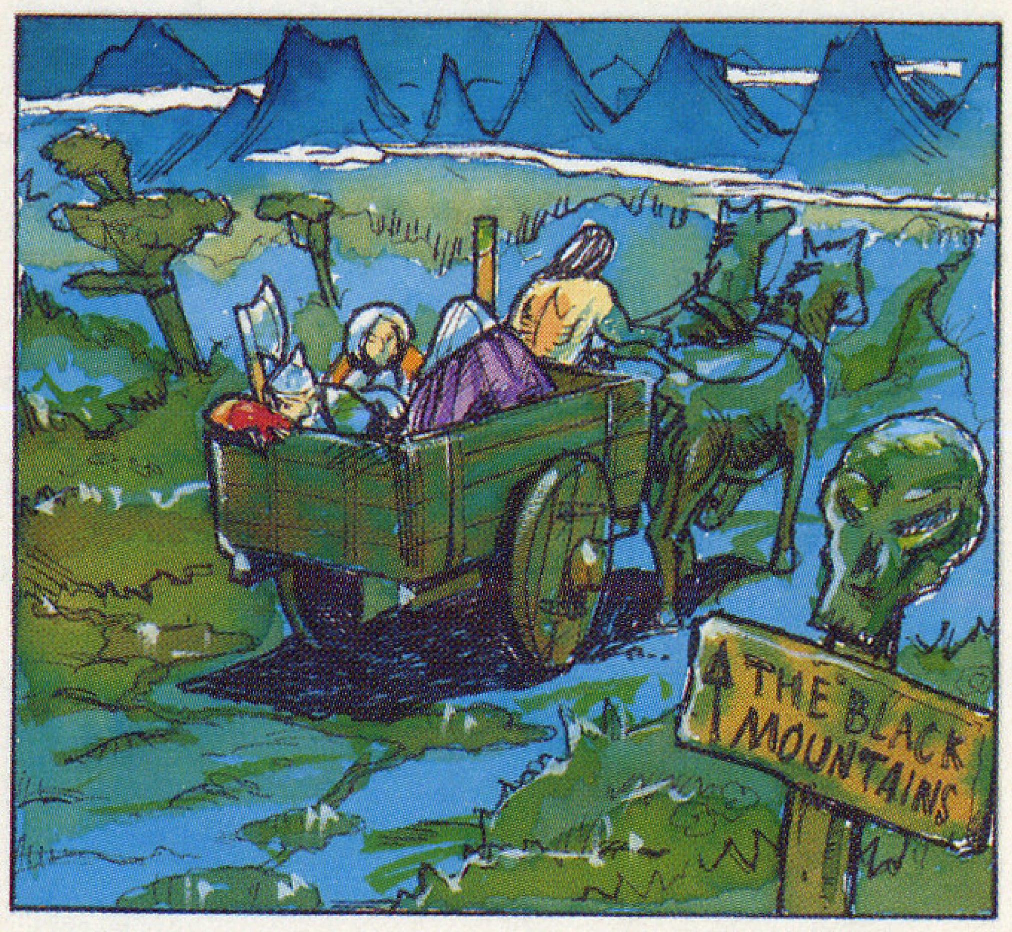
"Loretome indicates it lies within Barak Tor, the barrow of the Witch Lord. To best search the demon's maze-like catacombs, you should divide into pairs. Grugni and Ladril together . . .



"Then Chandra alongside Storn." The barbarian, mistrustful of magic and all its practitioners, only assented grudgingly. He asked of their second task, and witnessed the lines of worry deepen on Mentor's face.



"If not checked, the Witch Lord will soon lead an army of the undead, in consort with Morcar, against the Emperor. The final quest is to kill the Witch Lord, knowing that to fail . . . is to surely die."



Under cover of darkness, the four began the journey to Barak Tor. Mentor had cautioned that only the Spirit Blade could kill the Witch Lord. Storn had been chosen to carry it – an awesome, lonely, responsibility.


It needed nerves of steel even to set foot on the Chaos burial grounds. They passed many monuments to evil in that 'cemetery of the undead', but none chilled their blood more than the Witch Lord's barrow . . .
. . . Barak Tor! Its entrance doors were protected by a large lock. "I know spells to open that," whispered Chandra. "A blade's blow will crack it," breathed Storn. "I'd say a dwarf's picking skills were the key," Ladril hissed.
Putrid air pushed past them into the night. They crossed the threshold, and the temperature dropped markedly, despite the flames burning in the serpent heads. In the eldritch light, even their own shadows seemed to cower for cover.
Silent footsteps on cold, black stairs carried them deeper into the barrow. None dared break the oppressive silence. The light grew stronger as they descended, yet the temperature dropped with every measured stride.
The steps ended, leaving the four in a featureless room. "Only one exit," said the wizard, "we can't split up yet." His voice echoed much louder than he'd hoped. "Wrong . . ." corrected the dwarf . .
His sharp eyes had spotted a secret door in another wall. "We follow different paths from here. Come Ladril – on to the Star." Ladril, taking a last look at the Spirit Blade in Storn's hand, added, "we hope . . . !"


"No tomb . . . no undead for Demon-Doom to smite," said the dwarf, hefting his battle axe onto his shoulder. "You sound disappointed," the elf smiled, noticing a door further along the wall.
Ladril went straight to it, but half way there, he felt the stone slab beneath his feet give way. He knew it was a trap, but could do nothing to stop himself falling into it.
The sharpened spikes within only grazed him as he fell, when Ladril knew he could easily have been impaled. "Think your partner was dead meat already?" he joked nervously with Grugni. "Well, so did I!"
Demon-Doom, the dwarf's axe, proved useful for more than slaying. "I'm in no hurry to approach that door again!" the elf sighed warily. "No need," replied the dwarf, "Grugni has seen another secret door."
The secret passage led into a third barren room. The only exit this time was through a door. With weapons at the ready, they pulled it open briskly and stepped through.
The corridor outside was blocked by a rock fall to the right. But only a few steps in the other direction brought them to an intersection – and to a monstrous, muscle-bound gargoyle!


The barbarian and wizard, meanwhile, had used the door out of the first room. It fed into a long narrow corridor, with a blind corner at one end. They rounded it carefully, but safely . . .
. . . or so they thought! "Rock fall!" shouted the wizard. "The corridor's blocked – we're not going back that way! I could cast a pass through rock spell, but only on one of us."
"Conjuring tricks – hah!" Storn scoffed. "You need steel to destroy demons!" Chandra knew the barbarian mistrusted his skills, but was not intimidated, replying "You forget the blade you wield is enchanted . . ."
Storn had no answer. Frustrated, he made for one of the two doors in the corridor, blocked ahead and behind. "This door for strength, that one for spells. We'll see which is needed more this quest . . . !"
The wizard realised it would take deeds not words to convince the barbarian of his worth. He forced open the door with his staff, discovering the rotting remains of a Chaos mummy within.
Storn vented some of his anger on the door to the room. It shattered against his shoulder – but lurked inside, menacing undead were ready to provide more testing resistance.


Elsewhere, the stone-skinned gargoyle instantly attacked. Save for Borin's armour, Grugni would have been crushed in the cruel coils of its serpent whip. Ladril fought back, but his Orc's Bane hacks had little effect.
"Cut clean, Demon-Doom!" instructed Grugni, aiming a measured blow at the serpent whip. Sharpened on the stone hearts of Chaos monsters, the battle axe sliced straight through to free him.
Ladril had fallen. The gargoyle's sword swung in for the kill, but Grugni threw his body in the path of the weapon. The magic armour again saved his life, but the blade sliced deep into his side . . .
. . . as he'd hoped! Grimacing with pain and effort, Grugni kept the gargoyle's sword in his body, allowing Ladril to scramble clear. With the last of his strength, he hurled Demon-Doom at the monster's head.
The axe wound severely weakened the demon. Unable to protect itself, it couldn't stop Ladril charging forward, and plunging Orc's Bane deep to deliver death.
But Grugni, grievously injured, seemed resigned to death too. Ladril thought otherwise, however. Casting a spell of healing water, the elf restored the grateful dwarf to fighting strength. They continued their quest.


Across Barak Tor, the wizard wasted no time in summoning magic to deal with the mummy. A Fire of Wrath spell torched the fetid abomination. "One up to sorcery!" Chandra thought.
In the next room, Storn was just as eager to show what strength could do. Two undead felt his wrath via the lethal cutting edge of the Spirit Blade.
But Storn's back was exposed as he fought to free the blade from the corpse of the zombie. The second skeleton struck a brutal blow with its viciously curved scythe.
The sword came free, and Storn lashed out with it, shattering his assailant. But the wound sapped his strength fast. He could do no more than watch as the last of the undead closed for the kill. The wizard had other ideas, however . . .
With the Wand of Recall, he was able to cast two spells over Storn. The first, rock skin, rendered the zombie's attack harmless. Then a healing body spell gave the barbarian renewed strength.
The zombie was quickly dealt with. "You . . . ?" Storn asked of the wizard, already knowing the answer. "Not all magic is black," Chandra smiled. "I am ashamed to have doubted your skills," a humbled Storn added.



Meanwhile, the dwarf and elf had moved deeper into the barrow without further mishap. At what seemed a dead end, Grugni had discovered another secret door which gave access to a room.
They entered silently. Within, a single zombie roamed aimlessly. It seemed too good an opportunity to miss. Grugni lead the charge, yelling, "Let Demon-Doom and Orc's Bane feast . . . !"
The gleaming object casting out bright shafts of light in the zombie's hand stopped them dead in their tracks. "By Mentor's beard," gasped Ladril, "that's it! That's the Star of the East!"
When they first entered the room, the lone zombie had little chance against Grugni and Ladril. Once they saw it was clutching the very gem they sought, the undead monster had none!
With the Star of the East in their possession, the dwarf and elf set about retracing their steps back through the barrow. But as they were leaving the room, one of its real doors was opening . . .
"Unless the Witch Lord devours its own, I'd say that unhappy fellow has met Grugni and Ladril," the wizard remarked of the fallen zombie. "With not passing them, they must have left by this door," concluded Storn.


Opposite the exit was a short corridor with a single door. They hurried towards it and threw the door open, where a mocking-faced skeleton stood waiting. "Lost their trail as quickly as we discovered it," cursed Storn.
"But, seeing as we're here . . ." the barbarian added, before letting the Spirit Blade loose on the skeleton. "I'd . . . save your strength," said Chandra, who'd opened one of the doors off the room, "you might need it . . ."
It needed no discussion. They had discovered the tomb of the Witch Lord . . . and the demon didn't appear in a mood to welcome guests!
Brandishing the Wand of Recall, Chandra swiftly took the fight to the enemy. With a spell, he summoned balls of flame, which engulfed the zombie guards. The Witch Lord roared in fury at this attack.
But the demon's shrieks stopped when Storn advanced, carrying the one weapon it feared – the Spirit Blade! The barbarian attacked from atop the beast's own sarcophagus.
Battle was joined. Fighting with speed and strength, Storn hacked at his foe from all angles. Yet the Witch Lord refused to yield, countering with the scalpel-sharp blades of its staff.


"Do you hear combat?" asked Ladril as he and Grugni re-entered a room from earlier. "Aye – other side of yon door which thee never reached," the dwarf agreed. Wary of further traps, they cautiously ventured over . . .
The door led to the Witch Lord's tomb, where Storn and the demon were locked in battle. The barbarian's lionhearted efforts seemed to be winning – the Witch Lord was weakening.
Yet as Storn pressed his advantage, a stun bolt from the Chaos Crystal on the Witch Lord's staff sent him spinning backwards. While the demon staggered, trying to regain strength, the Spirit Blade dropped loose.
With Storn dazed on the ground, Grugni vaulted on to the sarcophagus, groping for the vital weapon. From the other side, the drained demon lurched forward for the blade too.
In unison, Ladril and Chandra raised their hands for magic. The elf engulfed the dwarf in a veil of mist, so he couldn't be seen. The wizard endowed his already brave friend with extra fiery courage.
Grugni grabbed the Spirit Blade in the mist and, hidden by it, emerged behind his quarry. With every ounce of effort he possessed, the dwarf thrust the blade at the evil entity – and the Witch Lord was no more!
It was over. All four had played vital parts in slaying the Witch Lord and recapturing the Star of the East. They emerged from Barak Tor into the bright sunlight of a new day . . . they emerged as heroes!



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